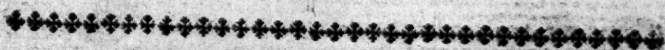




PRO & CON;
OR,
The Opinionists;



ERRATA.

P. 33 l. 15, for Attacks *r.* attaches, p. 35 l. 15, for presented *r.* persecuted, p. 41 l. 11, for Gentleman's *r.* Gentlemen's, p. 108, for which *r.* that, p. 112, for dragged *r.* draggled, p. 127, after Immortality add which, p. 131 for Fane *r.* Face, p. 143 for Compliance *r.* Compliment or Complaisance.

10 *W*
P R O & C O N;
O R,
THE OPINIONISTS:
A N
ANCIENT FRAGMENT.

Published for the Amusement of the CURIOUS
in ANTIQUITY.

By Mrs. L A T T E R. *R*

“ Let it suffice that the Satirist *writes*: The
“ *World* will affix the Characters.”

Introduction, p. 36.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in FLEET-STREET;
and sold also by the Author at READING, 1771.

PRO & CON;
OR,
THE OPINIONISTS;

ANCIENT FRAGMENT.

Published for the Proprietors of the

by Messrs. J. & W. G. Smith, Stationers, Strand.

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38
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[1 1 1]

Prefaratory Interlocution.

MR. FIDGET.

PRO and Con, Gentlemen; a new Publication! shall I beg the Favour of you to lend me a Word or two to say upon the Occasion to the Town:—Pon Honour, Gentlemen, whatever you advance shall pass entirely for my own.

MR. SNARL.

A d—n'd heterogenous Heap of—nobody knows what! The Author runs out of one Thing into another, till she loses her Meaning in a Load of Nonsense, and leaves the Public to find it out. Neither Wit, Humour, Grammar,

A

mar,

mar, Rhime, or Reason: A genuine *Female* Production, I warrant it.

MR. MALAPERT.

I heartily wish the Author was mad, that a charitable Excuse might be admitted in her Favour: We should then have an Opportunity of supposing the the Composition was only indigested Rant from the Redundancy of a dis-tempered Brain: Inconsistent Reveries of Insanity! But—allowing the Author in Possession of her Reason, I dare assert it to be an impudent Rhapsody of *Female* Impertinence; an abject Effort of atrocious Malignity, beneath the Notice of masculine Resentment; worthy to be branded with inflexible Contempt, and spurned into perpetual Oblivion.

DR. FUSTIAN.

I allow Mr. Malapert all the Celebrity due to the Exuberance of his
Eloquence,

Eloquence, and the Flow of his Periods: Yet, respecting the Piece now under Consideration, his Criticism is too severe; there is more Excellence in these Cogitations than what expands at first View:—Of one Merit I am convinced it is impossible to develope it, and even another it bids fair to obtain. For the first, I esteem it a very *valuable* Production, and for the second (—if my own Interest did not obtenebrate and obstruct it) I would recommend it to Notice among the Sublime in Life: But I had rather retain to myself the Monopolization of this Manufacture, as it has already extended the *vacant Capacity* of my Pockets, in Proportion to the Scintillation and Lucidity I have emitted on the Chaotic Mysteries of ministerial Negotiation, and the Illustrations by which I have explicated the problematical Conduct of political Pertinaciousness.

MR. FIDGET.

I beseech you, Gentlemen, to join your Judgments a little closer together—Why—I can settle no Character of it as my own, from such a contradictory Jumble of Opinions. Pardon Honour, Gentlemen, you are so inconsistent, I must insist upon it that you explain yourselves.

MR. SNARL.

I think I have explained myself sufficiently to be understood; I shall explain myself no farther. Aside. Not but that the Piece is tolerably well wrote, only I hate every Production in which I am not either concerned or consulted.

MR. MALAPERT.

Sir, if you dare call for my Explanation, I am ready to stand forth in Defence of my Censure; upborne on the Wing of magic Eloquence; and inspired

spired by the Spirit of malevolent Impudence: I publicly avow myself the implacable Enemy of every Author, be their Merit what it may, who, impelled by Vanity, or corrupted by Venality (for one of these must be the Case) shall dare to vindicate the Party I defy.

MR. FUSTIAN.

Sir, I have taken the Trouble to investigate this Production, whereby I perceive its primary and occult Merit consists in an Aptitude of contiguity with my own sublimely metaphorical * *Quainticity* of Stile, and Turgidity of Expression. This Imitation, though languid, is laudable; though distant, is distinguishable; and though humble,

* Quere, Whether *Quainticity* is not, on this Occasion, as proper an Epithet as the Word *Justicement*, to define "the Procedure in Courts?" I refer the Curious for this, and several other Words equally new and emphatical, to the learned Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, Ramblers, &c.

is happily homogenous. The secondary Merit, more apparent and manifest, is contained in the Amplitude, and explicit Scope, Meaning, and Intention of the Whole, evincing the Fascination of Facinoriousness, the Folly of Fashion, and the Futility of Faction: But, as this seems to converge obliquely towards “ * an Allowance *without* an Equivolent,” it intervenes, and encroaches on the Privilege of MY NEW *Walk*; consequently it is my Interest to obtend and suppress it, howsoever it may be concealed and gariculated.

MR. QUIBBLE.

I question whether this is not meant as a wild Imitation of *Tristram Shandy*.

TRISTRAM SHANDY *in the Shades*.

Holla, you Scoundrels above Ground there; hear what I say: My Genius

“ * See Johnson's Dictionary, Explanation of the Word *Pension*, V. 2.

entered

entered with me into your World, and still attends me in another---whoever attempts to imitate *me* is an impertinent Coxcomb and Impostor.

A
 $\begin{array}{|c|} \hline C \\ \hline \end{array}$
 B D

Let A. represent Vanity, B. Resentment, D. Contempt, and C. the Author; for precisely thus was the Author situated when she replied as follows:

On Mr. Snarl, and Mr. Malapert, I retort their Execrations that they may have them to confer on the Works that deserve them. Against you Mr. Fustian I intonate Contradiction; I can safely take "my Bible Oath" that I have no Sort of Expectation from, or Dependence on this Publication, save what haply I may be favoured with from the Indulgence of my Friends. Peace to Thy Ashes, thou celebrated Meteor of sparkling Combustibles quenched in Death—Never shall*

* See Johnson's Dictionary.

~~my~~ Pen attempt to quaff in Ink like thine
~~—~~Never shall my Hand advance to grasp

Thy devious, dubious, unconnected Glare!

MR. NEITHERSIDE.

Hark'ee *Fustian*; one Side condemns it for the L—— knows what, and the other commends it the L—— knows why!---I'll give you your Cue. It is not the accute and pointed Periods of a *Snarl* and a *Malapert*; it is not the vapouring Pedantry of a *Fustian*; it is not the fanciful Uncertainty of a *Quibble*, that can possibly sink a Work by unreasonable Censure, or swell it by Praise unmerited into Fame: I advise you therefore to commit it to the Impartiality of the Public with the same Apology the Author borrowed to suit herself on a similar Occasion.

“ If a Work is *good* it will defend itself, and if it is *bad* it cannot be defended.”

PREVIOUS MATTER.

THE following Sheets found their Way to the Press by an odd Concurrence of Accidents. The Editor moves in the humble Sphere of—*only* a Country Bookseller; consequently a Person of *very little* Consideration among the *Metropolitan* Grandees of the Order; who, 'tis observable, take Pride, as well as Pleasure, in damning a Book, unless some of their very respectable Names are *formally* annexed to the Front of it. Still worse, as it will more expose the Work to the

B

Censure

Censure of the Lynx-eyed Critic, the Editor is—alas—a *Female* too! and of course a poor, inadequate Judge of the Merits of Composition. This Fragment, in Manuscript, was bought by Weight (together with many others not yet searched into) among a Parcel of ancient Books, consisting chiefly of---Treatises.

Now, the Epithet TREATISE I have observ'd, was as fashionable a Recommendation of Dulness, in the Title-Page of most Books that were published from the Accession of *James* the positive Pedant, to the Death of *Charles* the abandoned Wit, as is at present, in the Reign of *George* the KING of HEARTS, the Word ESSAY—which seems to be adopted in the Room of the other, and apparently, as a Recommendation of the same Thing; tho' perhaps the Writers
of

of this refin'd Age intend to make us believe that they endeavour — attempt — strive, and *wou'd* if they *cou'd*, go farther, i. e. mount higher than ever their Fathers did before them, in the Sublime of Whim and Chimæra; surrounded by which, they *Essay* —and *Essay*—one after t'other, till—behold! they find themselves treading in a Wheel, instead of—on the Summit of a Mountain.

The Treatises above-mentioned, were chiefly the Productions of the last, and its preceding Century; and in which the predominant Learning of the Times was pompously concealed, in the bombastical Jargon of Pedantry. Much is there asserted with dogmatical Certainty, concerning the Powers and Effects of *Sympathy* and *Antipathy*; of *Alabymy*, *Astrology*, the

Philosopher's Stone, &c. Consisting in short,
 of “ Divers rare, curious, and choice
 “ Secrets; originally known *only* to the
 “ *Adepts* in *occult* Sciences, and (as the
 “ Generality of their Title-Pages fail not
 “ to tell us) *now first* published for the
 “ universal *Benefit* of *Mankind* !”

Sorry I am to see, and more so still to
 say, that very little effectual Use has been
 made of this great Magazine of profound
 Literature, communicated so freely and
 voluminously by our contemplative and
 charitable Ancestors: But, alas! so it
 happens, that the modern Sons of Science
 have, like the rebellious Offspring of
Israel, started aside like a broken Bow, re-
 jecting the Wisdom of their Ancestors:
 Sceptically they deny the mysterious Efficacy of Sympathy; ridicule, and insult the
 baleful

baleful Power of Antipathy; revolt from the legal Authority of the Stars, in Opposition to the established *Truths* of Astrology; and irreligiously assert the Philosopher's Stone to be an artificial Composition of Villainy!—How long they will continue in this their contemptuous Hardness of Heart, and scoffing Infidelity, is—rather for the Children of Credulity to mourn than the Connoisseurs in Futurity to determine! Let us then dismiss this sorrowful Subject, and return to trace out the Tradition of this *Vision* (for such I apprehend it to be) now offer'd to public Inspection.

An itinerant Kind of Gentleman, who came from—nobody knows where—liv'd—nobody knows how, and vanish'd—nobody knows when—left them in Lodgings he had hired ready furnished, and where

he resided a considerable Time, uniting in Practice the learned Science of *Physic*, and the sublime Mystery of *Fortune-Telling*. By these, he obtained, and justly too, a most extraordinary Character; very much for his Skill in the former, but beyond Compare for his Excellence in the latter, so far exceeding all who went before him, that he even went beyond all the Possibilities of human Credulity: And no Wonder, when we consider, that by a large Genealogical Tree, now in the Editor's Hands, containing a succinct Account of his Pedigree, he proves himself lineally descended from the renowned British Inchanter *Merlin*; whose Prophecies in favour of the present Royal Line, procur'd him a *nominal* Place of Residence, in a regal, romantic, subterraneous Mansion, purposely built, and prepared for his Reception: But

he

he, sagacious in Fate, and the *inconstancy* of Courts, declin'd the proffered Honour : recollecting, we may suppose, that at Court one of his Posterity * was starved to Death, and at Court the oldest Man in England, was *poison'd* with its Superfluities †. However, the Royal Hand that *sunk* the Edifice to immortalize the *Prophet's* Name, was able to *raise* a Bard ‡ from a Barn, to be the *first* Keeper of the Enchanter's Door : Whether he was intended to dignify the Place, or that the Place was intended to dignify him, has not hitherto been ascertained, nor is it at present material : But, well it is known that he was admitted, and

B 4

received

* Nixon the celebrated Prophet.

† Old Parr.

‡ Stephen Duck, who drowned himself in the *Thames*, about a Mile from *Reading* in *Berkshire* ; and was buried in the Church-yard at *Sonning* in the same County, a few Years ago.

received into that venerable Community, which enabled him to serve the Conjuror (tho' *no Conjuror* himself) in the triple Capacity of *Porter*, of *Poet*, and of *Priest*.

This Hermetical Descendant of the memorable *Briton*, whom, for the future, we shall distinguish by the Appellation of "The Doctor," caused himself to be *whispered* so effectually to his own Advantage, that soon after his Arrival, he became, both for Profession and Science, the most necessary and respectable Person in the Place, not only to amorous young Damsels, from *Fourteen* to *Forty*, on the weighty Subjects of present Love, future Marriage, and Loads of Riches in Reversion, but equally so, to venerable Matrons, from *Forty* to *Fourscore*, in various Casuistical Cases. He was also visible, at particular
Times

Times and Seasons, to the studious, and inquisitive *Mechanic*, who was sure to depart well pleased, and full laden with Credulity, to the Hamper, the Hatchet, or the Horn: where, aided by the additional Fumes of Mundungus and Bubb, he would so powerfully harangue on, and so largely exaggerate the Doctor's unfathomable Profundity, that it was agreed by the whole *Settle* he must be a Conjuror at least, if not the Devil metamorphosed! And this Opinion of him was confirmed throughout the whole Club, when they were assured he had disappeared instantaneously; for some of the Members were ready to give Oath, that they had seen him *put out the Candles in a dark Room*, and appear all over in a Flame! and others were equally ready to attest, that he could at any Time wrap himself up in a Fog, and remain for some-
time,

time invisible !—Now, tho' it is possible to command both these Effects from Compounds of Chemical Preparation ; yet, I would not presume to assert of the Doctor, that he had Recourse to such evasive Expedients ; as I might thereby incur the Displeasure of my Shoemaker, and subject myself to the Mortification of standing in his Stocks : For my Shoemaker is, forsooth, a kind of *Cobler* in *Astrology* ; and tho' he does not trouble his Head much in the Calculation of Nativities, yet he constantly mends *Moore's* Almanack at the End of the Year, with those additional Observations of his own, which he had carefully collected in the Progress of it. Howbeit, he has not yet taken any Notice, that a large Quantity of Snow in Winter is a sure Prognostic of much Thunder in the following Summer ; neither

ther has he been curious enough to remark, that the Cocks infallibly crow, till Sun-rising, at the Beginning of every Quarter of an Hour, and again at five Minutes afterwards: Yet, seriously, these are undeniable Facts, and open to every Man's Observation; it is therefore amazing, that they have not as yet been established as *Rules*, by the Philosophical Virtuosi. But, to return once again to the Doctor.

Tho' nobody could conceive *how* the Doctor disappeared, there were many who mistrusted *why* he did so; and some of those who called themselves *Sufferers* on the Occasion, carried their ill-grounded Suspicions so far, as to accuse his honest Landlord with Collusion; but all-powerful Truth soon made it appear, that the poor Fellow was grievously calumniated: For,

in very Deed he has been compelled to make Sale of the Doctor's *invaluable* Library, to indemnify him in Part for the Lodgings he had lett him, and many other extra Expences, for which the Doctor (when he had completed the Philosopher's Stone) was to make him a most magnificent Recompence.

It is always a Matter of Laughter amongst the *Ignorant*, when they see the *knowing* Ones taken in: The Doctor's Landlord was first in the Rank of the last mentioned; that is---in his own Opinion: For, notwithstanding that he could neither write, nor read, he had an excellent Head to *spell*; and tho' this, too, was oftener wrong than right, he enjoyed himself more in the Errors of his Ignorance, than many others do in the Excellency of
I
their

their Understandings---a sure Indication, that Eminence in Knowledge, no more than Eminence in Wealth, Dignity, or Power, are the inherent Essentials of Happiness; which is, as we have been sublimely told,

“Or no where to be found, or ev’ry where.”

But the Landlord, as I have said, enjoyed himself in his own Deficiency, which was therefore, *to him*, as truly estimable as a real Acquisition: And is it not equally so to *all* that stand in the same Line of Imperfection? who (if the Critics will be candid enough to allow the Phrase) it might not be much amiss to stile *Under Thinkers*: and tho’ this Term, for such Sort of People, has never been applied to distinguish them before, I hope my Meaning will be obvious

obvious to the Judicious, without the Assistance of Dr. *Johnson's* Dictionary---that redundant Hocus-pocus of Literature, or any farther Explication of my own.

“ But, what is all this to the Purpose
“ of the Book ?” say those who always read *Post*, as it may be called ; and impatiently gallop to the *End* of a Book, regardless of its Beginning.

“ What is all this about the Doctor's
“ Landlord to the Purpose of the Book ?”

Be patient, gentle Reader ; for though Patience is depreciated as the Virtue of an *Ass*, it is really a most necessary Auxiliary.---Be patient, I say : The Editor is a *Woman*---it has already been told you thus : Now, be it remembered to the End of Time, that a Woman always says a great deal

deal *before* she comes to the Purpose, and afterwards as much more to---no Purpose at all. This is an Apology the Editor has had frequent Occasion to make, no less in Extenuation of her own Prolixity, than by Way of excusing, or endeavouring to excuse the Vanity and Impertinence predominant in the whole Sex; which she could wish might be regarded as a *constitutional* Infirmary, rather than a downright *habitual* Defect.

Much it may be desired that it continued at present, as it was in the *Days* of Old; when, according to the Tradition I received from my Grand-father, the perpetual Vibration of the *loquacious* Member, was the only Perplexity a Husband had to fear when he linked himself in the Matrimonial Fetter. But---whether it springs from some latent Principle

Principle imbibed among other Errors of Female Education, or rather (as perhaps might be inferred by the Consequences) from the Prevalence of Example in modern *Masculine* Misconduct---whether of these may be the Cause, it is scandalously notorious to the Discredit of the Sex, that the Generality of Women now existing, have several *worse* Methods of plaguing their Husbands than by making a Noise in their Ears. Many People of Veracity scruple not to affirm that half the Ladies in the Kingdom addict themselves to the Practice of *Leger-de-main*, in its most extensive, and pernicious Latitude; by the *Craft* of which, they can *shuffle* all the Money out of their Husbands Pockets; break all the *Bottles* in his Cellar, and make him *Horn* mad, before he is aware of having caught the---
INFECTION!

“ Hang

“ Hang your impertinent Book,” says
 “ Lady *Harriot*---“ I wont read another
 “ Line in it.”

Blame yourself, Madam, for staining
 your Character with the Demerit of this
 Application.

“ Intolerable!” retorts the D---fs of
 ———“ What a Pass is this World come
 “ to? Even the very Wretches in Trade---
 “ meer Refuse of the Earth, have the Info-
 lence and Presumption, to fling out their
 “ Innuendos on the sacred *Reputation* of
 “ the LADIES.

May it farther displease your G---ce to
 say---I am sorry when a Lady's Reputation
 is so fore, as to be affected by the Whistling
 of a passing Arrow.

C

“ But

“ But what’s all this about the Ladies
 “ to the Purpose of the Book ?---Why
 “ don’t you come to the Purpose, I say ?”

Patience, gentle Reader: When the Publication of a Book becomes absolutely necessary, either to the Editor’s or Author’s Emolument, we care not much concerning the Purpose, provided we increase the Number of Sheets to a moderately convenient Thickness: Besides, Authors of all Sorts are as frequently guilty of Writing to no Purpose, as the Ladies are of Talking to none; and, if we may judge from the Tenor of their Actions, it still more frequently appears to Experience, that the Majority of both Sexes *think* to no Purpose all the Days of their Lives, and to what Purpose they *dream* by Night, themselves alone are Judges: Don’t mistake yourself,

nor

nor me, by supposing I am now dreaming; in reality, if you would understand me right, conclude I am snoring loud: For, depend upon it, what I publish now, will be taken more Notice of, by those who, through Misapprehension, may suspect *themselves* to be Parties hinted at, than any Thing I have wrote before.---Talking of Dreams brings me accidentally back, to pursue the History of the following Fragment---(What gigantick Wonders are often produced from Accidents no bigger than one's Thumb!)

The Leaf which I suppose ought to express the Title, is, unfortunately, imperfect: What remains is

“ *Les Songes.*” * * *

And near the Bottom (scarcely visible)

“ *Opiniâtres.*” * * *

* * * * “ *les Années avenir.*”

Now, what might be the original Intention of the Author, is not clearly deducible from what I have hitherto examined of the Work: For, as well as the Title-page, many Leaves were torn out, and many others, in various Parts, so mutilated, that they could not be put into legible Order, without more Trouble than I chose to bestow, and Time than I had to spare on them.

Putting my Guesſes and Gatherings together, and adding to theſe, the Particulars I have learnt from Time to Time, of his Landlord, I cannot clearly convince my Conſcience, that the following Sheets are really and truly the Composition of the itinerant Gentleman before-mentioned, but one of his *prognosticating* Anceſtors: For, (as will hereafter appear from a Piece of the

Proem,

Proem; which luckily remains to the Manuscript) it seems to be Part of, either a magical, or astrological, or philosophical, or prophetic visionary Reverie; originated, either from the Strength of Fancy, or some *planetary* Prescience of future Times; and must, as is evident from the Scope and Language, be committed to Writing *before* the *Copernican* System had taught the Earth and Stars to whirl round the Sun, as the *Ptolemaic* had, for Centuries before, compelled the Sun and Stars to dance round the Earth.

Now, if Credit may be given to what the Doctor related of himself, he could not have *more* than *doubled* his grand Climacteric, at the Time he took *French* Leave of the Place; and this Manuscript is, if one Year old, most certainly two Hundred, or
more;

more; for I presume it was written long enough before the Appearance of our great Queen *Elizabeth*, notwithstanding she is there mentioned as a Person long since deceased. Nay, I would sooner venture to assert it is a reverend Remnant of *Monkish* Antiquity, than allow it a Place among the Productions of the last, or its preceding Century.

But, as these Compositions, whether *magical, astrological, philosophical, or prophetical*, are never to be clearly apprehended, till they are actually verified by Completion, therefore we must not mistake in the *literal* Sense, what, in the following Fragment, is *figuratively* expressed. And this may be a necessary Caution to those who, in the redundant Superfluity of a shallow Understanding, may saucily attribute

tribute a local Residence to the imaginary Offspring of an inventive Brain.

But, to the more intelligent Reader, I need but observe, and I dare say they will acquiesce in my Opinion, that this *Vision*, *Prophecy*, *Reverie*, or what else you please to call it, is so far consistent as, throughout the Whole, to represent the *future* in the *present* Tense: Nor, does it any Way violate the Order of Things, by dividing the *Times* from the *Seasons*. Thus, Libertinism and Faction, Enthusiasm and Infidelity, are made to *appear* what in Fact they *are*, the contradictory Spawn of each other.---Some Shadows of which may, perhaps, have been---again may be---but---we know they are *not* now. And this happy Vacation, or rather *Non-existence* of the Characters therein supposed, or fore-

told, was my chief Inducement to fling out a Publication of this Kind at this Time ; for, granting only that no such absurd, and romantic Beings are now disgracing Human-Nature, the Matter itself is immediately secured from the Possibility of a wrong Construction, as it can neither be perverted into *personal* Satire, nor even ironical Insinuation ; which at all Times in general, and more particularly the *Present*, it behoves all *Publishers* to keep clear of:---All, I mean, who prudentially prefer the small Inconveniency of paying high Rent, and higher Taxes, to the larger one of lodging longer than they like, and *less* at their Ease, in some antiquated, enchanted Castle, consigned to the vigilant Circumspection of some Flame-vomiting rigid old Giant, and the impertinent Insolence of his dwarfish Demons ; where he must---whether patiently

ently or impatiently, remain, till the high and mighty GOGMAGOG and his Myrmidons--- Arbiters of Fate, full-armed with Power, command him before the stern Tribunal, to wither the Culprit, and amaze Mankind with the bitter Severity of his Doom ! But—

To proceed with my Account of the Doctor.

He has frequently reported (in Confidence) to his Landlord, that in the merry Days of *Charles* the Second (when the hypocritical Impostors of puritanic Patriotism dropped the long-jawed Mask of solemn Sadness, and resumed, with their Senses, the Countenance of Joy) he was in the Prime and Vigour of Life ; that he was knighted soon after that Monarch's Restoration, in consequence of presenting the congratulatory

Address, either of the Borough for which he served as Representative in Parliament, or the County of which he was High-Sheriff: His Landlord is not positive in which of these Capacities he was promoted to the Dignity of this most ancient Order of Chivalry, for sometimes, according to his own Account, he was the one and sometimes the other: But, this Inconsistency in Regard to his public Character, I apprehend may proceed from a Confusion of Ideas in his Landlord's Intellects, to whom all People in any public Character whatever, appeared to him, either as his *Worship* the Mayor of the Town, or some of his long-eared Brethren, whose tremendous *Braying*, render them Scare-Crows to such as our Doctor's Landlord, and indeed to all the small Birds of Prey, while their fawning Servility and cowardly Forbearance

make

make them the Objects of real Contempt to Vultures, Hawks, and Cormorants; who are suffered to satiate themselves on whatsoever they fix, in Defiance of their worshipful Timidity: Nay, to mock at the spiritless Threats they utter in the genuine Energy of well deserved Derision!

“ But of what Signification are *Mayors*
 “ and *Aldermen* to the Purpose of your
 “ Book? Every Body knows that *Mayors*
 “ and *Aldermen* are only the *Liveried Lac-*
 “ *quies* of the Law—the meanest *Under-*
 “ *strappers* of Authority.”

Pardon me Reader, if, from this Observation—which, if it happens to pique the worshipful Members of any Borough Corporate, is yours, and *not* mine—Pardon me, I say, if, from this Observation, I deviate
 still

Man, if not a Duke or a Prince; while perhaps the Clerk and the School-Master, in their superlative Sagacity, might suspect him to be the *Great Mogul*, or---a greater Man than he; yet---behold! how suddenly his Magnitude diminishes, his Superiority vanishes, his Consequence decays, when lo---the Curate, so soon as Service is finished, speaks away the magic Mist through which their Astonishment viewed the doughty Stranger---When the Curate shakes him heartily by the Hand, and recognizes his old Acquaintance! The Clerk, the School-Master, the whole Congregation, instantaneously circumscribe the jolly *Beef-Eater's* Sublimity, within the Bounds of their own Comprehension: They see him move---they hear him speak---they mark his Steps: They agree *Nem. Con.* that this wonderous Animal, thus distinguished by
the

still farther from the Rules of Connection, to draw a whimsical Supposition.—But previously, I take it for granted, you will readily allow, that the Mayor and his Brethren are much the most *important* Gentlesfolks in the Parish—at *Church*, I mean, and in the *Absence* of the *Judges*.

“ Very well.”

Then suppose one of his Majesty's Yeomen of the Guards—dressed *Cap-a-piè*—*en toutes les Habilimens de son Ordre*, should make his Appearance (just as Service began) in a Country Church two hundred Miles from *London*. Represent to yourself, and be grave if you can, what an incredible Waste of wistful Wonder would be conferred on him by the gazing Congregation! Every one for himself would inwardly conclude, that he could not be less than a *Parliament-*
Man

the quaint Formality of his Apparel, is neither a Parliament-Man, a Duke, or a Prince, or any such illustrious, Moonshine Apparition ; but to all Intents and Purposes a Being like themselves, composed of —— Beef and Pudding.

“ And what would you infer from this
“ round-about Supposition ? ”

Let me borrow my Inference from the Poet.

Strip the gay Liv'ry from the *Courtier's* Back,
What marks the Diff'rence 'twixt my Lord, and
Jack ?

The same mean, supple, mercenary Knave,
The Tool of Power, and, of State, the Slave !

“ But, where in the Name of Wonder
do you find the Analogy between Corpora-
tions and Courtiers ? ”

Erase *Courtiers* and read *Tradesmen*, and
the Analogy will be evident to the meanest
Capacity

Capacity : Even down—down---down to that central Profoundity which serves *instead of Capacity* among the Aldermen, and in general ! And surely, we cannot easily go *lower* than these---*exclusive* of their Wives, and Daughters.

“ But, why do you exhaust your sarcastic Vein on such almost motionless Machines of Office ? If you wish to insure the Sale of your Publication on the infallible Foundation of Censure, why don't you raise your Platform higher, and level your Artillery against the GREAT ?

Because the GREAT of the present Times are like *Dryden's* Duke of Buckingham *,
or

* Who's every Thing by Turns, and nothing long !

And, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Is Statesman, Chymist, Fidler, and Buffoon.

Abalom and Achitophel.

or *Pope's* Majority of Women †; or, perhaps they resemble the *Proteus* of Yore, who transformed himself into every Shape that suited his present Conveniency. Thus, if I would discharge my Volley against a *Great Man* in the Shadow of a *Patriot*, he evades it in the Form of a *Courtier*; aim at him in the Form of a *Courtier*, he resumes the *Patriot* again. Often he rises before you in a Mist, and seems as if indistinguishable; again he glides by, as a rolling Stream, and runs from all Principles like a River. Then, apeing the double-faced God of the Year, he appears to look two Ways at once; not indeed uniting both, but confounding the Present with the Past. As the *Courtier* of To-day, he vindicates

and

† Most Women have no Character at all.

Pope's Epistles.

and approves the fluctuating Motions of the *Upper Elements*, and asserts them to be absolutely, and essentially necessary to the Support and Well-being of the Constitution; as the *Patriot* of To-morrow, he raves and foams, and stigmatizes the Measures he had Yesterday approved, as inevitably subversive of British Freedom. Now, he insidiously attempts to undermine and destroy the inestimable Liberty of the Subject, by explaining quite away the explicit Intent and Meaning of its most glorious, and invulnerable Bulwark *. Then, veering to the opposite Side of his Compass, he zealously attacks himself, and strictly adheres to the Spirit of *Magna Charta*, in its most capacious and extensive Latitude. Carefully he surrounds it with a rough-cast

D Wall,

* *Magna Charta.*

Wall, cemented with *Mud* of his own mixing, and fortified with *Wind-Guns* of his own Contrivance---Arm'd in Thunder stands forth its Champion, and pretends to devote himself (for he knows there's no Danger of it) even to *Martyrdom* in its Defence! Finally, by involving in Perplexity what was intricate before, and ingrafting Disquiet upon popular Error, he retires in a *Pique* of the Gout to his Country Seat, to meditate-----

FUTURE CONFUSION!

THUS shuffling on from Shape to Shape, he glories in his Powers of Deception, nor does he appear in *Propria Persona*, 'till he arises to exert, in his *own Dominions*, that Rage of Tyranny, and arbitrary Power he so speciously and plentifully *affected* to abuse,

in

in every Profession and Department of Life---*unconnected with the Privileges of a Manor*. But---Courtier, or Patriot, or neither, or both, or any Thing else, or nothing at all, (as *Times* may serve his *Purpose*) every diverging Ray of Contradiction is collected in the burning Focus of Resentment *, when these Prerogatives of *Royalty* are impiously violated by the sacrilegious Hands of the Villain *Poacher*, who dares to conspire against the voracious Partridge, or treasonably compass the Death of a Hare. Then bursts forth in ardent Fury, the baleful Consequences of *petty, despotic* Sway; the offending Victim is presented to Poverty, and sentenced to Exile with all the peremptory Rage of Malice and unmanly

D 2

Haughtiness

* This Expression will, I presume, be a *Bone* for the Critical Reviewers:

Haughtiness of mean-spirited Revenge;
 while his hapless Wife, and helpless Babes
 are bound by the keen Severity of Ruin, to
 imprecate with unfeigned Malediction, the
 galling *Freedom* of our boasted British Laws
 —Laws! which make an Egyptian Sacri-
 fice of *Liberty* *, by offering it in Honour
 to the Dogs! But---“ *Repeat it not in
 Gath---tell it not in the Streets of Ascalon,
 lest the Enemies of Freedom rejoice, lest the
 Children of Tyranny triumph!*” •

“What, or who the Duce are you talk-
 ing of?”

Talking of! why, of ——— no matter
Who: Let it suffice that the Satirist writes;
 the *World* will affix the Characters.

“Why,

• Vide the Dog Act; of infamous Memory to a
 free People. “These are thy Gods, O Israel!”

“ Why, you’ll make your *Great Man* a worse Figure of Deformity, than the Beast that carries the Whore of Babylon !”

And greatly to the Credit of that Beast be it spoken, that it is much less of a Monster than he: Were he only sullied with common Frailties, Candour would command some Appearance of Excuse; but, when every Error amounts to Vice, and every Vice is dye’d in Villany——

Let us wish him for his own Sake, and the Benefit of Mankind, concealed in perpetual Oblivion !

“ I could almost wish less Gall and Vinegar were used, in your Delineation of the *Great*.”

Those who desire to be distinguished by *fairer* Colours, must place *themselves* in a more advantageous Light. However, a judicious Application of Gall or Vinegar, are extremely salutary in Effect; the one is excellent in *drawing a Thorn* from the Flesh, the other for washing away *Infection*: And whether metaphorical Gall and Vinegar, may not be of equal Service to the litigating and infected Members of the *Body Politic*, remains for Experience to determine.

Characters brings me back again within Sight of my Manuscript; which, I presume, was intended to represent some Personages, which have *not* appeared in these our Days, nor yet, as I can find by the most diligent Searches into all the most ancient and *authentic* Histories of England, by venerable

ble

ble Bede, Geofry of Monmouth, Matthew of Westminster, Roger Hoveden, Matthew Paris, Thomas Walsingham, Henry de Knighton, have they figured in the Days before us; I therefore recommend it to the Reader's Credulity, to suppose them the Characters of Times *to come*: For it is evident by many indubitable Proofs, they must be meant to exhibit some future *Realities*, which in the *penetrating* Spirit of Prophecy, it was foreseen would appear *at one Time or other*, however. And, it is equally evident, as well from what remains on Hand, as from the Part of it now offered to the Public, that they were intended as Descriptions of some remarkable original Oddities, the peculiar Product of our capricious Isle; such I mean as our Vulgar would call *Queer Fish, Rum Toads, Droll Curs*, and the like;

or, as in higher Life they are *genteely* phrased, *Smarts*, *Femmys*, *Bucks*, *Bloods*, &c. Whether the Vulgar or Genteel of these synonymous Terms, impress on our Minds the nearest Resemblance of the Beings they are misapplied to represent, I refer to the Decision of the illustrious Dr. ———; to whose Industry and Generosity, the Public are more obliged for the Importation of *new* Words without any Meaning at all, than for abusing the Language he pretends to elucidate, by explaining its Meaning away.

To conclude, I wish I were able to gratify my Readers with the Beginning of this curious Manuscript; for, though as a Dream, or a Vision, we cannot ascertain that it commenced with an actual Regularity, yet, in all Probability, we
might

might have received some Intelligence by what whimsical Effort of Imagination, this heterogeneous Groupe of contradictory Shadows were *phantastically* shuffled together.

There are also some deficient Remains of a like Conversation Piece among the *Ladies*; which, perhaps, if Time and Opportunity permit, I may hereafter communicate to the Public: But this, (with some more of the Gentleman's also) my present Avocations compel me to postpone to a more convenient Season.

To this I shall subjoin so far as I can transcribe, of the *Proem* I hinted at above; the extraordinary, and *unaffected* Gravity of which, I hope no Reader will attempt to misinterpret into the Spirit of *Irony*, or
corrupt

corrupt by *political* Application: Thus far I think it expedient to premise, as there are many whose Depravity of Wit, and Pertinacity of Assurance, will pervert, [*and profane*] whatsoever they find, to whatsoever bad Purposes they think proper. Remain it on the Conscience of those who do thus, by this venerable Remnant of genuine Antiquity; which, for my own Part, as I found it impenetrably *mysterious*, I would not endeavour to unriddle by conjectural Eclaircissements, or abuse by a presumptuous Illustration.

P R O E M.

P R O E M.

IT was in the dreary Month of December, precisely at the *Brumal* Solstice, and near that solemn Hour which *future* English Poets, will (to swell the Fustian of the Line) fantastically call * “ *The Noon of Night,*” that I retired to my usual Avocation of *Watching* and *Meditating*—(by the glimmering Light of that inextinguishable Lamp, which erst my faithful Attendant *Ariel* kindled at the Holy Altar, where burns perpetually the consecrated Fire, in Honour to the glorious Dispenser of Day †)—on the Courses
and

This *Prediction* we know has been verified, by the First-Rate Poets of the present Age: See, Addison’s *Cato*, Young’s *Night Thoughts*, &c.

† Religion of Ancient *Persia*.

and Motions of the celestial Bodies.—
 I considered what amazing Revolutions of
 Kingdoms and Empires, had been foreseen
 and foretold by (and consequently depended
 on) the Impulses of those supramundane
 Orbs, which we, the Children of Earth,
 call *Planets*. And not only Kingdoms
 and Empires, but the whole accumulated
 Globe—all that is therein—all that
 moveth thereon—from the most minute
 and evanescent Insect that flies in Air, or
 crawls in Dust, to the gigantic *Behemoth* of
 the North, * who moves magnificently
 terrible, like a Navy of Islands in the
 Midst of Ocean, covering Miles with
 the astonishing Monstrousity of its incre-
 dible Bulk! And above all, (as superior to
 all) every Individual of the Sons
 and

* Pontoppidan's Natural History of *Norway*.

and Daughters of *Adam* and *Eve*, are under the Patronage, Protection, and Direction of that particular One which happens to predominate, that is, to be in superior Influence at the supernal Moment. This Doctrine has been abundantly proved and indisputably verified by the illustrious Masters of that oriental Wisdom, which most gloriously illumin'd the Morning of Time; but alas! in this descending Evening of Duration, the Western World declines towards Darkneſs, as the Sun of Science in gradual Deſcent weakens his downward Ray. We have, in Part, already loſt the clear, and certain Investigation of thoſe Truths, that, heretofore, through the ſteady Medium of *Aſtrology*, were plainly diſtinguiſhable in the immense Volume of Fate; but that Volume ſeems now (that Medium obſcured by Vapours
incidental

incidental to approaching Eve) a Blank—
 a Blot—an incomprehensible Puzzle—an
 impenetrable Secret to the Majority of
 Mankind.—But

Not *so* to the studious penetrating Astro-
 loger, who sees with intelligent Eye, and
 comprehends by occult Understanding,
 the various Courses, and intuitive Corre-
 spondencies of the distant different Orbs of
 Light, which incessantly roll by Change
 unchangeable round this sublunary Globe,
 and by his *scientific* Sagacity, arranges,
 disposes, and appoints to all their Shares
 in its Government, &c.

.
 Hiatus . . .

I ruminated on all these astrological Ad-
 vantages,

. Hiatus

. . . Hiatus

'till I became as it were *rapt* in the solemn
 Contemplation of the whole Planetary
 System. I considered, and ——— again
 I considered: I examined, and re-examined
 again——their Stations, Durations, Oc-
 cupations, Denominations, Variations,
 Relations, Rotations, Culminations, Re-
 trogradations, Approximations, Configu-
 rations, Combinations, Operations, In-
 clinations, Elevations, Demonstrations,
 Qualifications, Concatenations, Applica-
 tions, Dominations, Complications,
 Limitations, Indications, Administrations,
 Vocations, Representations, Affignations,
 and Significations---to all Nations---'till
 I was *intoxicated* by that abstracted Subli-
 mity of Thought which strengthens, or
 ——— *staggers* the boasted Powers of
 human

human Understanding!----when lo!----a sudden Eruption as of Lightning burst forth, and scar'd to momentary Flight, the fullen Gloom of that thick surrounding Darkness which added Horror to the bleak Winter Storm, which raged abroad

..... Hiatus
it came rushing into my lowly Residence, and seemed as local in my Cave. Nocturnal Darkness resumed abroad its interrupted Reign---A Voice accosted my Ear---It was the Spirit of Divination! Saying, "Enter with me into thy own Heart, and I will shew thee future Things."

High arose my Hair to greet the Wonder---low sunk my Heart---in Reverence-----I essayed to answer, but---my Tongue faltered; I endeavoured to

rise, but---my Strength was gone: Frozen
 was my Blood, and stagnant in my Veins---
 convulsed were my Nerves---my Sinews
 relaxed---my Muscles grew torpid---my
 whole Frame seemed dissolving---Sensa-
 tion retired, as I was offering in Sacrifice
 before the Altar of *Cloa* . . Hiatus
 . . the plentiful Effusions of my—*Fear*!
 Hiatus
 . . . I became entranced in Vision .
 . . . I awoke, and—behold,——
 it was a Dream! *

* May we not suppose, that it was from this
 Manuscript the famous *John Bunyan* of *Dreaming*,
Drivelling, *Pedling*, *Puritannic Memory*, borrowed,
 or—stole his inimitable, inestimable Vision?—
 I am led into this (perhaps erroneous) Suspicion,
 from the corresponding Identity of this Passage
 with that most nervous, emphatical, and *affecting*
 Conclusion by *John Bunyan*,—"I awoke, and
 behold—it was a Dream!

E Morning

Morning arrayed in snowy Vesture, saluted my wondering Eyes---But--as the intruding Streams of Day-light disperse abroad, and scatter wide the predictive Scenes anticipated by the Soul in awful midnight Vision—I advanced my right Hand over the Orbs of Sight, and, turning them inly towards the Brain, I caught the intellectual Appearance of flying Shadows, lightly dancing on the Surface of Recollection, in their Passage to the drear Abyss of total Annihilation.
Hiatus. . .

* Though I look on this Exordium as a typical Figure of that “*Prose upon Stilts*,” which *Mac Pherfon* * has metamorphized from *Scotch*. “*Poetry run mad* ;” yet, as I have declared off from advancing conjectural Evidence, I mention this only *en passant*.

* Vide Works of *Ossian*.

passant, without insinuating any Opinion
whatever.

And now, my good Reader, to reward
your Patience, I shall introduce you into
the midst of Things—without Beginning,
or End.



1873

Received of the Treasurer of the

Board of Directors of the

City of New York the sum of

Five hundred and no/100 Dollars

for the purchase of

the sum of Five hundred and no/100 Dollars

of the sum of Five hundred and no/100 Dollars

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PRO & CON.

CERTAIN it is, and not to be denied, that there are many People in *Low Life* (as People of Fashion phrase it) or, more candidly to speak, in *Low Circumstances*, who have the good Luck, or Mishap, according as it proves, of being born with superior Understandings—enlarged Ideas—and all that Assemblage of intellectual Qualifications, essentially necessary

E 3

necessary in the Formation of a fine
Genius.

“ The Author of this impertinent Assertion (says Sir *Barnaby Bluster*) deserves to be kicked for a Scoundrel ! How dares he presume to impose on Mankind by such an insolent Insinuation ? ’tis really reducing the fashionable World to a level with the Dregs of the People !—Damme—(putting his Hand on his Sword) I would make no more of running such a Fellow through the *Vitals*, than of taking this Pinch of Snuff !”

The Author happened to stand behind him when he sputtered out this drivelling Criticism; and, coming suddenly before him with a threatening Face, and emphatical *ba ? Sir !* astounded him into Tremor and Silence.

Instances

Instances of a similar Kind occur to every Observer; Thousands make themselves preposterously ridiculous, by aiming at a Character they cannot sustain. Nothing in Life so frequently seen, nothing out of Nature so laughably absurd, as a pusillanimous, vaunting Fop, scandalized with a Sword he feels himself *fearfully* incapable of using.

“ Not so, replied Sir *Simkin Sullibub*; not of their own Swords Cowards stand in Fear: It is the baleful Edge of their Antagonist's Weapon, that fixes them in *Terrorem*.”

This Remark favors a little of a Pun; is somewhat frothy; not brilliant enough to figure *avec les bon Mots*, nor dull enough

to be stigmatized with Stupidity.—I will return to proceed on my Subject.

But, it generally happens, that the unmerciful Vulgar of all Denominations, are so extremely disgusted with these eccentric Phænomenæ, that it is difficult to enumerate the Variety of Embarrassments, to which a fine Genius exposes its Possessors; for, proceed it either from the Effervescency of Spleen, the Redundancy of Envy, or a motley Mixture of both together, they commonly find it requires some Labour to combat the Cavils, and surmount the Censures of supercilious Prejudice, and obstinate Ill-will.—

“ In this, replies the Reverend Mr. *Lumberhead*, I sincerely concur in Sentiment with the Author; as I can appeal for
its

its Verity to the inward Consciousness of my own manifold Experience."

The Author pays the most profound Respect to the Reverend Mr. *Lumberhead's* Impartiality.

"Ha, ha, hah, brays the honourable Mr. *Flimzey*; who the Devil made *Parsons* Judges of Genius? I'LL TAKE MY BIBLE OATH, that even some of those among them who have the Confidence to superintend the Education of Youth,—I'LL TAKE MY BIBLE OATH I say, that some of *Them* are not capable of teaching their Mother-Tongue: (He might have added, there are many more incapable of *learning* it.) I'll maintain it, there is not One in Fifty can patch up Common Place enough for a Sermon, nor that One in Five

Five Hundred who can deliver it properly :---Parsons indeed, pretend to decide in Cases of Erudition! 'tis an unpardonable Encroachment on the ——”

“ Privileges of a COXCOMB, interrupted Mr. *Lumberhead*, with a cool Sneer.”

“ Sir? retorts Mr. *Flimzey*---Coxcomb in your Teeth!---I wear a Sword, Sir,---and I---a---will not---a---”

“ And I wear none, Sir, nor am I afraid of your's.”

“ But I wear one, Sir! (replied fiercely Sir *Barnaby* to Mr. *Flimzey*) and I dare---Sir---chastise a ——.” Here his Voice became querulous, his Countenance ghastly; he trembled with Valour——or, *Fear!*

Lord

Lord *Nincumpoop Whiffle*, 'Representative in P—— for the City *Litigant* of L——, instantaneously interposed, and placed himself between Death and the Heroes! much to the secret mutual Satisfaction of the two latter, who politely condescended to be separated. Then, inflated with the Power of superlative Loquacity, he proceeded to prove the Oponents were equally in the Wrong. " For,

" Gentlemen, continued he, (with a Gravity suitable to the Solemnity of the Occasion) the Reverend Gentleman who spoke first, was so far from pretending to set up for a Judge, that he only declared himself of a previously advanced Opinion: in Consequence, Mr. *Flimzey's* Objections, (if Objections they may be called) being

Founded on a mistaken Hypothesis, cannot be defended by Argument; *because*—That instead of proving, or endeavouring to prove the identical Mr. *Lumberhead* in the Wrong, he had barely “*patched up Com-
mon Place enough,*” to bespatter half the Function, under colour of calling up a *Jingle Individual* to the Bar of public Ridicule. Yet, notwithstanding, on the other Hand;---neither was it Sir *Barnaby*’s Business to connect himself at all with a Quarrel upon the Occasion; for it is the *first*, the *last*, I had almost said, the ONLY Liberty an Englishman has *Tax-free*, of speaking his Opinion when, and where he pleases, happen the Subject what it may.”

His

His Attitude did Honour to his Eloquence, and added Dignity to his Disquisition!

Although each, in partial Consideration of his own Skin, submitted, or rather *acquiesced*, in Lord *Nincumpoop Whiffle's* Arbitration, it was evident from the Gloom conspicuous on their Countenances, that the *Food was indigestible to their Minds* * : And, that such impotent Inferences, and cobweb Conclusions, were as unsatisfactory to either Party, as they were in themselves incongruous, undeterminate, and vague.

The Case thus stated, argued on, and decided, gave Lord *Nincumpoop Whiffle* the glorious Opportunity of appearing a
Man

* Alluding to a Book, entitled *Food for the Mind*.

Man of Consequence—in his own
Opinion.

There are very few Incidents more powerfully disgusting, than to see an officious, impertinent Fellow listening to the unfathomable Nonsense of his own Harangue; and especially, when, (as it happened now) accidental, concurrent Circumstances induce him to pique himself on his insipid Volubility: The Idea he conceives of his superlative Merit, swells him to such a Magnitude of Importance in his own Thoughts, and degrades him to such a diminutive Object of Ridicibility in the Judgment of others, that Candour itself can hardly excuse his ostentatious, contemptible Self-sufficiency. Plentiful Portions of the purgative Spirit of Ridicule and Contradiction, and a Blister-Plaster
of

of Justice and Severity, may not, perhaps be improper Applications to reduce his Redundancy of Tongue: And yet, I fear that even these, if _____

“ Sir, Sir? I say, interrupted Mr. Deputy *Snipsnap*, (fiercely accosting the Author)—I say, Sir, I insist on your explaining your Meaning on a certain Point, before you proceed any farther.—I intended, Sir, to have put this Question sooner; but, I say—as I may say---you are so redundant upon Redundancy, that I could not gain an Inch of room to speak one Word before. You say, Sir,---you are pleased to *say*, I say; or you rather *seem* to say---That is, I mean, that you would be supposed to suppose, or to make other People suppose, the L---d knows what-all about our City! Sir---I don’t
rightly

rightly understand the *Latitude* you would
 extend to the Word "LITIGANT," by
 which you were pleased to *distinguish*, and
 by which I don't doubt but you would
sur an Affront on our most ancient, most
loyal City---the most ancient, most *loyal*
 City in the whole universal World, Sir!
 I say, Sir, I don't understand what Mean-
 ing you would put upon the Word; but I
 say, Sir, I will venture to say---I can
prove, Sir, and I will venture to prove,
 that there is not one City under the Visita-
 tion of the Sun, that ever was, or ever
 will be, a *bolder Assertor* of its *Customs*,
Manners, *Rights*, *Laws*, *Privileges*, and
Liberties; and the *Customs*, *Manners*,
Rights, *Laws*, *Privileges*, and *Liberties* of
 the Constitution which depends upon it---
 Do you think, Sir, or, does any one
dare in my Presence to think, that such a
 courageous,

courageous, such a renown'd, and above all such a *loyal* City, will suffer itself to be bridled like an Ass, in order to be made a stalking Horse of *State*, while the Ministry shoot *Bums* against the the Birth-right of the People? I say, Sir, if any Body dares to think thus, and if you have the Impudence to think thus yourself, you are ---a---Jackadandy for your Pains: And though I have unfortunately left my Holly-crap at Home (for I did not think of wanting it in this polite Circle) yet, Sir, I say ---take Notice --(then he clinched a most tremendous Fist)---take *particular* Notice, Sir, that I shall return prepared---to R---R--Re---REMONSTRATE against your Disparagements with---a Cudgel, Sir!"

Fury was in his Face, Thunder in his Voice, and---

F

Fate

Fate in his Resolution! With gigantic Stride he crossed the Room; and, like the evil Genius of *Brutus*, seeming to look “To-morrow I will meet thee,” he vanished, with a rumbling Noise! and left—nothing---but a mawkish Effluvium, resembling Gun-powder, on the olfactory Nerves of the Company.

The Author begs Leave to assure Mr. Deputy *Snipsnap*, that he is totally unconcerned at his Threatenings, and treats them with suitable Contempt; likewise takes this public Opportunity of declaring, that the respectable Inhabitants of *Leicester*, *Lincoln*, and *Lichfield*; nay, of every other City in *Europe* beginning with the Letter L. have equal Reason to take Offence to themselves by an equal Misconstruction of the Author's Meaning: And, it is not doubted,

doubted, were such to be the Case, that there are many Advocates in every City, full as *doughty*, and full as *deep*, as the eloquent Mr. Deputy *Snipsnap*; full as noisy in defending the *Shadow* of Liberty, and full as ready in protecting the *Substance* of it:—for,—

N. B. Though he formidably promised to come PREPARED, &c. yet---from that Time to this, he has not been heard of, though the strictest Enquiry has been made for him.

Alas, for the Loss of Mr. Deputy *Snipsnap*! many Years an illustrious Member of the *refined* Robin-Hood Society, and Cousin German to a late inimitable Lump of Originality, whose Figure---though lost in *Brass*, is renewed in *Stone*, to perpetuate,

tualize, or to—STIGMATISE, (take which Word you please) his *Buffooning* the Patriot by defying his KING!

But, as he flung himself out of Breath with his Precipitance and Passion, and quitted the Company with such tremendous Denunciations, a Question seemed to appear in the * Countenances of the Company, as if it were said "who is he?" which at length broke out as follows, in great pomposity of Language, from the elaborate, and circumlocutive Mr. *Bombast*, an Attorney near Chancery-Lane.

"Pray, Gentlemen,---can any one among this Company, either from Inspiration, Revelation, Information, Observation,

* Thou look'st with such a questionable Face,
&c. *Shakespeare*.

tion, or Demonstration on Demonstration, shew, or cause to be shewn; tell, or cause to be told, give, or cause to be given, any Tidings or Account whatsoever, of this *Autokopros*, this *Ignis Fatuus*, this *Boute feu*, this impetuous Whirlwind, this pestiferous, hectoring Son of Impertinence?"

"Sir, replied Mr. *Squib*, (with some Archness in his Face) without Inspiration or Revelation; but by Information on Observation I can give Demonstration---by Relation of an Anecdote or two, that this Mr. Deputy *Snipsnap*——

"O dear, pray, dear Mr. *Squib* (says Major *Minakin* hastily) give us a few Anecdotes I beseech you; O---I love Anecdotes dearly!"

The Company joined in Major *Minakin's* Request, and Mr. *Squib* began as follows:

“ I remember Mr. Deputy *Snipsnap* from his earliest Youth : His Father was a Hair-Cutter of some Note in *Covent-Garden*, and by the powerful Recommendation of the late Beau *Nash*, was promoted to the honourable Office of *Friseur Extra-ordinaire* to the Play-House in Drury-Lane ; where, having an *Affair* with one of the Dressers, this Boy was the Consequence of that Amour. This happened---let me see---not before Fornication was in *private* Fashion, but before that, and its relative Iniquity, were Feathers in every *titled* Fool's Cap, who at present disgraces the Dignity of his Ancestors ; and some of whose Parents would even blush in their Graves, * could they be conscious of the Degeneracy of their Posterity ! Old *Snip-*
snap

* Pardon this Hyperbole, Critics !

snap being informed of her Pregnancy by his Mistress, and fondly persuading himself it was owing to the Effects of his own Industry, determined immediately to conceal the Defect he supposed he had caused in her Reputation: But, his malevolent Stars were averse to his Happiness; and the Babe unluckily visited the Light three Months after Marriage! This Accident being rather alarming to *Snipsnap*, he endeavoured to account for it by *Mathematics*; but, by the most exact Calculation he could possibly make from his Ledger, his Almanack, and his Memory, he found he had never even seen his Wife till five Months before his Wedding. These Circumstances duly weighed, together with some officious Visits his Wife frequently received from the Property Man, and the Prompter, flung him into a Fit of Disquiet,

in which he privately removed himself from the Premises; leaving his Wife to her former Profession, and his Son to the Care of the Parish; by whose Officers he was *Let out* to be odd Boy at a Beer Cellar, from whence he ran away. He was then at a Loss what Course to take; he saw himself in a destitute Situation; without Money, Cloaths, or Friends, and the Fear of---*Bridewell* before his Eyes! which as he was willing by any Means to avoid, he skulked about at the other End of the Town, and ventured only to appear in the most unfrequented Parts of it: Here, however, he met with an old Friend of his Father's, who took him to a Broker's, clothed him tolerably, and recommended him as a poor friendless Orphan to the Humanity of Mr. *Medlar*, a Fruiterer;

but

but his Master chastising him one Day with rotten Apples because he had lost some ripe ones, he disdained such Usage, as Heroes ought, and engaged himself to be a Printer's Devil; in which Place he not only learnt his Letters, but became a tolerable Proficient in the mysterious Mummery of reading retrograde, and speaking English backwards; by this Artifice he was mistaken for a *Dutchman* by the learned Usher of a certain School, who was printing then at his Master's Press, the renowned History of England; He was again mistaken for a Native of *Wales*, by an *Author*, who had engaged with a Bookseller of some Credit, to form a complete Dictionary of the *British* Language. When he had been in this Capacity about two Years and a Half, he was taken some
 Notice

Notice of by Mr. *Twist*, a Taylor, near Threadneedle-Street, (who had a *Poet* for a Lodger in a Back-Room, in the *Upper* Region of his Dominions) and by whom he was at length retained, first as a *Runner*, and afterwards as an Apprentice.

Though *Snipsnap* had not one Grain of Sense, he had an ample Share of Cunning, and by this he insinuated himself into his Master's Confidence: Nay, he so effectually established himself in his Esteem, that in some Space of Time he quitted his Business to *Snipsnap*, and finally, what he had acquired by it.

His Master's Death, with a Will in his Favour, made *Snipsnap* a wealthy Man; he was *complimented* (as he thought) with the several Parish Offices, and at length was
chosen

chosen by the very Parson himself to be his *own* Churchwarden !

Every body knows that the Parson's Churchwarden (no less than the Parish-Clerk)—though he appears not as a Man of *Consequence* to *others*, is always thought such by *himself*; and this Promotion so dignified *Snipsnap* in his own Conceit, that he thought himself equal to the highest Advancement from the *Parochial*, to the *Political* State.

Whether Fanaticism in *Politics* has not some occult Connection with Fanaticism in *Religion*, I shall leave for the Casuists to determine, be that as it may, I think of them both, that the true Principles of each are perverted: and it is generally observable, that whenever NEW LIGHTS, q. d.

Jack

Jack o' Lanthorns arise from the morbid Vapours of *Enthusiasm*, they are always followed by NEW LIGHTS, q. d. *Jack o' Lanthorns* mounting up from the sulphurous Fumes of *Patriotism*; and those who are weak enough to pursue the One, or to be led by the Nose by the other, are sure to find themselves in a Bog, or a Stink, when they recover their sober Senses. As to Mr. *Snipsnap*, he ranked among those of the last mentioned Order, and merrily danced towards the dazzling Glare, at the enchanting Sound of LIBERTY (an old-fashioned *Englisch* musical Instrument, of the *Cat-call* Kind, newly put *out of Tune*) and joined himself to a Legion of Asses in Lions Skins raised by a *Demagogue*, infamously eminent for his Infidelity, Profaneness, and Debauchery; who was deputed with a Commission from the infernal Regions

Regions to sow the Seeds of Dissention, to propagate the Spirit of Sedition, to "speak Daggers" to the Heart of the best of Kings, to undermine the Constitution of Church and State, and finally, if possible, (which Heaven avert!) to advance, on the Ruin of all, that evil Genius of Anarchy and Confusion, which stigmatizes the *real* Enthusiasm, and *pretended* Patriotism of the last inauspicious Age.

In order to facilitate these diabolical Purposes, Mr. *Snipsnap* and several others of the *long-ear'd* Association, who had a particular *Knack* of braying loudest, longest, and least to the Purpose, are fool-traped by a Bait of paltry *official* Dignities, the Pageantry and Pride of the *Fraternity of Issachar*! Hence the antecedent honorary
Appellation

Appellation to the ancient Surname of *Snipsnap*; which, by vociferous Impudence, and a Majority of *One*, he obtained but very lately; and intends to be elected Alderman for his Ward next Vacancy; from whence the Transition is sometimes sudden to a * * * *Chain* of Infamy, when *cloven-footed* PATRIOTISM happens to prevail.

I think I mentioned his being a Printer's Devil, and some of the Excellencies he acquired there, but I forgot to say, that here it was he first conceived a confused Idea of *Politics*: This Printer realized a considerable Property, by publishing an anti-ministerial News Paper; which *Snipsnap* was always sure to read, both then, and for many Years afterwards, as his Master, the Taylor, constantly took it in,

In order to enlarge his intellectual Faculties, by tracing the unfathomable Profound of Falshood, through all its inconsistent Intricacies; placing still his most implicit Faith in the Lye of the Day, till Tomorrow contradicted it with another. This Paper sinking into Oblivion with its Authors, many others sprung up from its Ashes, * all which Mr. Deputy *Snipsnap* purchases at a weekly Expence, sufficient to furnish a judicious Man's Library, or a Tradesman's Table with two Dishes a Day: From these, and a Farrago of short-lived,

* Tending to betray, by a rude Licentiousness of Language in the Compilers, that Liberty they profess to defend; but it may be asserted on the Basis of *Truth*, that so long as (and which I trust will ever continue the Glory of *Britons*) the *Liberty* of the *Subject* is the *Property* of the PEOPLE, even so long will this *Liberty*, as an *essential Principle*, as an *inherent Right*, command, establish, and insure its *own* Protection in every BRITON'S Breast.

lived, evil-spirited Pamphlets, (composed as a tax for the Benefit of their hungry Authors, on the Pockets of the Weak and Unwary) he has framed up, or rather *jumbled* together a heterogeneous Heap of Incongruities; that, alternately, taking possession of that conglomerated Part, which in Heads like his, is more resembling *Mucus* than *Brain*, excite him to those preternatural Explosions of *Voice* and *Wind*, which we have *heard*, and *smelt* experimentally."

"I love Anecdotes dearly," said Major *Minakin*.——

The Expression reverberated on *my* Mind.

But, perhaps, it will not immediately occur to every Reader, that by
this

this Declaration of his own Sentiments, he comprized the Sentiments of three Parts of Mankind. For, so powerful is the impulsive Predominancy of *idle* Curiosity, so many and so various are the Objects of its Notice, that, if it is not the constant Employment, it may impartially be acknowledged as the capital Exercise of their Ears, their Eyes, and their Tongues. Now this *idle* Curiosity extends itself into many Branches, according to the *ruling* Passion in different Minds; the three principal of which, are the Marvellous, the Scandalous, and the Political: The first belongs (and has belonged, from Paganism to Popery, and from Popery to Enthusiasm), to the Melancholy and Phlegmatic, who doat on Superstition and Credulity; and these are those whose Appetite for *wondering* is so extremely voracious, that Miracles alone can satisfy it. The se-

cond is the undoubted Property of the Pert and the Peevish, the Vicious and the Vain; a perverse, and populous Race of Animals, in perpetual Litigation among each other; and who alternately make Use of the same Weapons, each to render the other ridiculous. The third is claimed equally by the *Superficial* and the *Profound*; but, to which Sort of these, this most comprehensive Branch belongs of *Right*, or whether legally to either, may not be so easy to determine; since throughout the whole voluminous Contradiction of the Laws, I do not find any two *ambiguous* Statutes, which *obliquely* assign it both to the one and to the other.

Let us therefore, my beloved Brethren and Sisters of the Quill—we, who alone make a Benefit of this *idle* Curiosity—we, who alone suck the Marrow from that Bone

of Contention, which we artfully fling out, to set our fellow P—pies together by the Ears—Let *us* continue thankful, (as in Duty we are bound) for the benign Auspices of our Princes, Peers, Potentates, and Parliaments; for that they, as well in their singular, as in their united *great* Wisdom, think it meet to indulge Us Authors, in the profitable Privilege of *Saying* all we—*dare*, against those who have the Power of *Doing* all they *please*: And this—(for as good a Reason as Sailors give us for tossing a Tub to a Whale) will remain our peculiar—ineffable—most glorious—I had almost said *unenvied* Liberty, while *Saying* and *Doing* are as essentially different, and as nearly contiguous, as Shadow and Substance, or as Light and the Sun.

Hail to thy meddle-making officious Influence, O thou most frivolous, unimportant

tant Power ! who presideſt as *Brain* in the
 Head of a Fool, and as *Heart* in a Co-
 quette's Boſom ; from whatſoever Source
 thou doſt derive this Influence of thine, or
 rather, to whatſoever Claſs of Exiſtence
 thou doſt belong—Whether thou art Mat-
 ter, or Spirit, or Eſſence, or Quinteſſence,
 or Vapour, or Sound, or Habitual, or
 Constitutional—an Infirmary of the Body,
 or a Weakneſs of the Mind, a Defici-
 ency of Intellect, or a Superfluity of
 Wit—I ſay, be thou either of theſe alone,
 or a blended Confuſion of all together,
Thou art in thy marvellous, thy ſcandalous,
 or thy political Semblance, *the Primum*
Mobile of modern Authors, and often their
 ſole Support. Confefs this Truth all ye
 flatteringly Tribe of feeble, *Female* Scrib-
 blers, who, with Rivers of Ink, blot Reams
 of

of Paper, with uselefs, senselefs, *sentimental* Novels ;

“ Even to the last dull Droppings of
“ your Brain !”

poisoning, and polluting the Minds of youthful Innocence, with stimulating Sensations of amorous Desire ; and treacherously alluring the Inadvertent of your Sex, into the baleful Snares of lawless Love—’till—rous’d with a quick Sense of surrounding Ruin, and pervading Horror, they awake to Distress and Distraction, and die in Remorse and Despair !

But, most of all, confess this Truth, ye conspicuously super-eminent, innumerable, and most *mischief*ful Swarm of Gad-flies, or Tale-bearers, or Lie-mongers, or—worse ; ye, who first monopolize, and then retail in Posts, and in Packets ; in Ledgers, and in Chronicles ; in Gazettes, and in Adver-
G 3 tisers,

tifers, as well the crazy Reveries of tumultuous Faction, as the Royal Game of *Goose*, and * * *Slipper-hunting*, at ———; to the ample Emolument of your own hungry Stomachs, and the itching Ears of ———.

“ Pox take your idolatrous Presbyterian Cant, interrupted Mr. *Orthodox Fingerpenny*; who the Devil is to listen to you, while you ring your nonsensical Changes upon *idle* Curiosity? I warrant if nobody clapped a Lock upon the Pew-Door of your Tongue, you’d keep on chiming your *Incantations* ’till To-morrow Morning! I think ’tis high Time to inform the Company, that, that Gentleman, that spoke last, that same Mr. *Squib* there, has offered an Affront to a great many respectable Gentlemen, and

I desire to be heard in Defence of them, for I think myself a Party concerned."

"Respectable Gentlemen? replied Mr. Squib; I don't comprehend your Meaning! I'm sure, if I have affronted any respectable Gentlemen, it must be by taking no Notice of them."

"No, Sir, that is not the Case neither; you know yourself, and the good Company must remember, that you took very disrespectful Notice of several, and among the rest you flung your Fleers out against the Parson's *Churchwarden*: I think, Sir, that Parsons Churchwardens are very *respectable* Gentlemen; too respectable to be held up as Laughing-stocks, by every Jacksprat, who has a Talent of sneering what he pleases into Contempt. I am my-

self a Parson's Churchwarden ; and I have a great Respect for myself, *in Consequence of my Office*. You, Mr. Squib, that pretend to make believe, that Parsons Churchwardens are *nobody* but to *themselves*---You, Sir, shall *see* that the next Time that you come to St. ———'s Church, that the Parson's Churchwarden can be *somebody* on some Occasions, to some Folks in some Places ; and that, by the Prerogative of his Office, he dares to *do* some *Things* too, that can make them same People look as foolish *in* the Church, as they want to make the Parson's Churchwarden look foolish *out* of the Church. Nay, and for the Matter of that, supposing that they were nobody to any body besides themselves ? Why, even then, that would be nothing at all to you, Sir : Let me tell you, that it is not in your Power, nor in
the

the Power of any Man in *England*; no, not though his Wit were as bright as a Pulpit Candlestick, and as found as a new cast Bell, to talk a Man out of his own good Opinion; why, you may as well endeavour to strip him of his Constitution!--- However, I won't say no more about it now, though I'd have you to know, I could say as much to the Purpose, and speak as long as you can; but I don't intend to quarrel, and quit the Company as Mr. *Snipsnap* did, and give you an Opportunity of marking the back Door of my *Cariter* with Charcoal; though, for my Part, I don't see that it signifies much to any Man, what the World has an ill-natured Mind to think of him, so long as he thinks well of himself!"

Among

Among the traditional Oracles of Yore, we have one to instruct us “that a Fool “may teach a wise Man Wit.” And my old maiden Aunt has frequently told me, that my great Grand-mother used to read many Lectures on this Text, to illustrate, and vindicate the Veracity of the Assertion. Whether this be true, or not, it is certainly so that, sometimes, very stupid People will, accidentally, blunder out satirical Sayings; though often, by being most grievously ill-timed, they lose their intended Asperity; so Asses, by *Mistake*, will go right in the Dark, though by Day-light they, from *Principle*, go wrong. Thus it happened at this Juncture with poor Mr. *Fingerpenny*; (and thus it happens every Day, to the Mortification of the wrong-headed *Wiseacres*) his Elocution

tion was mistaken here, as a Composition of splenetic Dullness; whereas, it would have borne the Stamp of *Sterling* Wit, had it been delivered with equal Force in a full Vestry-Room; and would undoubtedly have been received with the warmest Encomiums, and united Applause, not only from every Member who had previously *cyphered* in Mr. *Fingerpenny's* Office, but from every one likewise, who fondly promised himself to *figure* in it hereafter.

And this is an Instance among many that might be added, of the Mischiefs arising from Errors in Judgement; and especially proves that *Modes* and *Manners* should be constantly adapted to *Times* and *Places*; since it is evident beyond a Doubt, that *Times* and *Places* have often a particular,

lar, and always a general Influence on *Modes*, and *Manners*. By not knowing, or rather (as in Politeness I would wish to believe) by not duly attending to this Axiom, Mr. *Fingerpenny* lost his Aim; for, notwithstanding that the Pertinence of his Similes, co-inciding with his Office, added Energy to his Expression, and doubled the Poignancy of his Wit, he could only secure a Majority of Wags to perplex his Pride with impertinent Winks, and embarrass his Eloquence with criticising Whispers.

The honourable Mr. *Flimzey*, who remained for some Time in fullen Indignation, being hurt by the Gunpowder, Mr. *Squib* had pop'd out, against a fashionable Error in Gallantry; had now, by contracting his Brows, and biting his Thumbs, recovered

recovered himself from a shivering Fit,
peculiar to angry Cowards.

——If the Reader has a Grain of *Idle Curiosity*, (and he will hardly read this, who has none) he may probably recur to Major *Minakin's* Request, especially if he “ loves *Anecdotes* dearly.”

Well then—*by Way of Anecdote*—Understand, Reader, that this honourable Gentleman was second Son to a worthy Peer, who unfortunately, at his Decease, left an Offspring behind him, to disgrace the Dignity he so eminently adorned ; and his eldest Son—Inheritor of his Honours, but *not* of his Virtues, being, by a Series of Debauchery, reduced from the Weight of fourteen Stone, to the Standard of a young Lady's Walking-stick (which the
Connoisseurs

Connoisseurs in Computation allow to be two Inches *less* than a Weaver's Beam *) his final Dissolution was hourly expected, and impatiently *wished* by Mr. Flimzey; who, on the Strength of being his Brother's Heir apparent, already in Idea, and *fashionable Depravity*,——anticipated the Infidelity, assumed the Importance, and acted with the Impertinence of a Lord! and with a Fund of Self-sufficiency inseparable from such a Connection, he determined, most courageously to speak “like himself” in the following incoherent Rhapsody.

“ I very much commend Mr. *Finger-penny's* Tenacity, in defending the Consequence of himself, and his Office; as it is certainly incumbent on every Member of any Society, to stand up in Support of
the

* Vide the Staff of Goliath's Spear, Sam. 17.

the Society he belongs to. As for Mr. Squib—I speak before his Face—Mr. Squib, I say, is *not* the Man of Consequence himself, that *himself* would persuade us to mistake him for. For, what Man of Consequence would speak evil of *Dignities*, in the Presence of *dignified* People? For my own Part, and I *would take my Bible Oath on't*, I do assure this Company, that all his Animadversions in Disrespect of the Nobility, are, as——nothing at all to *me*! If the Nobility were to duck at all the dirty Stuff their Inferiors fling in their Faces, scarce one Nobleman in ten could shew his Head and his Horns—not only for fear of being pelted with his *own* Gallantries, but for fear too of being persecuted with those of his *Lady*. But, Thanks to the encreasing Latitude of
fashionable

fashionable Education! which has already exalted *us* Noblemen, and even Commoners of the First Rank, beyond the Trouble of *thinking* ourselves, or caring what the World *thinks* of us; while its Precepts teach us to look on ourselves as what we really *are* to ourselves, not as what we appear to those who are screwed up by systematical Regularities. Such wrong-sided Wretches look askint through an inverted Telescope, when they pretend to pry into our *Virtues*, and afterwards report that they are just as indistinguishable, as the Animals who inhabit the Moon! But, this is, because our *Virtues* are so essentially *our own*, that they cannot be perceived by vulgar Eyes, nor comprehended by common Understandings! yet, when they pertly presume to descant on our *Vices*, as
they

they are miscalled (a few Blemishes, which, perhaps, we have in common with their own *inferior* Class) they then hold a magnifying Glass before the Eyes of their own Party, which enlarges our Defects to Deformity: But, they judge, alas, entirely upon mistaken Principles; they falsely suppose that, *we* ought to continue from Generation to Generation, the same bright Examples of that obsolete Integrity, and unblemished Honour, which illustrated the Nobility in the Reign of *Queen Bess*; when, if they would but consider rightly, nothing can be more incongruous and absurd: For, the Customs of her Times are so totally reversed, that the very Terms of expressing them are altered; according as their Manners were more *solid* and *simple*, ours more *light* and *elegant*: Thus, for Example; what they deemed *Sincerity*—a heavy,

H

lumpy,

lumpy, cumbersome Word, that indicates to our Ideas a Sort of *practical* Reality, is now supposed to be wholly comprehended in the modern Expression *Politeness*; an airy, empty, insignificant Sound, from whence nothing substantial is expected. Again; what they dishonoured with the scare-crow Terms of Profaneness, Excess, and Debauchery, are entirely divested of their *apparent* Terrors, when understood, as now they are, for *Pleasure, Amusement, and Gallantry*. Still more——instead of having *Routes, and Drums, Masquerades* and *Coteries* (an absolute Non-entity in those demure Days of solemn, long-faced Formality) and playing Cards, and Dice on Sundays, they, forsooth, must go twice to Church, and keep a coxcomical College-bred Pedant in their Houses, to——do what? Why, to read Prayers,

Prayers, lay Spirits, subdue the Powers of Witchcraft, and keep the Devil at a Distance! Meer Artifices of Legerdemain, played with the Fag-ends of *Papish* Knavery, for the Benefit of the Function; and by which they *gambled* themselves into Reputation merely on the Credulity of their Employers: But *we*, their more sagacious Sons, happy in the unerring, extensive Rectitude of *Reason*, have shook off the Fetters by which *Priestcraft* bound *their* Principles, and imposed upon *their* Belief! *We* boldly assert our inherent Right of following *Nature*, led by *Reason*; that is, undauntedly to persist in the easy Path adapted to our own Inclinations. With Understandings thus enlightened, with Tenets thus enlarged, we are Dupes to no Systems, we are confined by no Rules; and we glory in the Continuance of that

passive Supineness, and amazing Negligence, which even to this Day! TACITLY tolerates us in an unlimited *Liberty* of Language, of Principles and Deeds."

Thus far the honourable Mr. *Flimzey* in favour of fashionable Licentiousness; and a few Minutes of silent Astonishment in all the Company, gave him Room to plume his Pride, by mistaking their Looks of ineffable Contempt, as proceeding from his Powers of Conviction; which he conceited he saw in every Face, and waited to hear from every Tongue.—But, alas——

How false, and how fond are the Deceptions of Fancy! when she treats us with a Ride through her romantic Regions, upborne on the Wings of a thousand Whims,

of her own spontaneous, prolific Creation!
 —With what keen Sensations of Rapture does she stimulate our intoxicated Imaginations! then—in less than a Moment drops us from her Wing, and returns us into our own Reality!

Mr. *Flimzey* was one of Madam *Fancy's* Favourites; with her he had visited half the Realms in which her Divinity was adored: And it was full as evident in him, as in all other *petits Maitres*, whose Intellectuals were of an equal Magnitude, that those Kind of Excursions were more essentially serviceable in the Composition of a *modern* fine Gentleman, than the celebrated *Panacea* of some *literary* Quacks, which they call, The Tour of *Europe*: For, this super-eminent, most extraordinary Hotch-potch, which they pretend to puff

off as a Vivifier and Beautifier of the Brain, and recommended as an *infallible* Cosmetic, to refine, to extend, and to enlarge its Ideas, acts only—(like those with which the Ladies, from a ridiculous Redundancy of Vanity and Credulity, take Pains to disfigure their Faces) as a latent, but *corrosive* Poison—eradicating totally those amiable Sensations, which, from a just Regard to our native Country, spontaneously arise in the human Mind.—Still worse than Poison in its most pernicious Consequences, was Captain *Crabtree's* Reply to Mr. *Flimzey's* Harangue——

“ That there are, says Captain *Crabtree*, a Set of Mortals among the human Species, who have nothing but their Form to distinguish them from Brutes, is *not* altogether such a chimerical Assertion, as some People would

would charitably mistake it for: Nay, it is affirmed by Travellers * of unquestionable Veracity, that there are a Kind of Animals among the Brute Creation, so nearly resembling the Figure of Men, and behaving with so great an Affinity to their Actions, as almost to render it a Matter of Uncertainty in what Rank of Existence to place them: And some have proceeded so far as to suspect the *Possibility* of *equivocal* Generation. It is unnecessary now, to attempt an invidious Disquisition, as a greater Curiosity is before us—I mean in the Person of that eccentric FINE Gentleman, who, by endeavouring to pretend himself *above thinking*, has convinced me that he is actually *incapable* of that essential Principle of Rationality, which

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constitutes

* Vide Leguat's Travels.

constitutes, and dignifies the Nature of Man. He is indeed the *reputed* Son of a Nobleman; but, it is well known that this Nobleman had various Connections with several of the East-India Company; Factors, Traders, Agents, Directors, &c. and above all, that his Lordship held in particular Estimation, a curious Collection of *wild Beasts*, which at different Times he accumulated from these Regions: Not that he always knew himself, in what or how many Sorts his Menagery consisted; and perhaps sometimes, for Half a Year together, he hardly ever saw them: but his Lordship's Propensity was, to *have them however*; and, to procure them was the Business of their Keeper; who often neglected to tell him *when* he had made new Acquisitions, but *never* forgot to charge

charge them in Expences. Now, Gentlemen, if from hence we may be allowed a probable Conjecture—and probable Conjecture may be tacitly allowed, when certain Evidence is unattainable—I would beg Leave to suppose that this contemptible—*what d'ye call him?* this incongruous Mixture of Monster and Man, is originally a Native of *Batavian* Wilds, imported by Way of *Rarity*. Neither is this such a romantic Whim, as at first it may seem to appear; for many a Child has been changed in its Cradle for the Offspring of—the Lord knows who! we see among other fashionable Refinements peculiar to that superior Class of Mortals, from whence this Animal would fain derive his Pedigree, is that unnatural one, of nourishing their Infants with *stolen* Provision, under the softened Phrase of *Wet-nursing* them;

them; by which ingenious Artifice two innocent Babes are frequently sacrificed, one to the Pride and t'other to the Avarice of their respective Mothers; neither of whom, as may be inferred from their Behaviour, are surcharged with the delicate Emotions of maternal Affection.

Proceed we then still farther to conjecture, that the Nurse who was intrusted with the Care of suckling the original Child at the slender Expence of starving her own, had, by some Accident either of over Carefulness, or Neglect, suffered this Child to perish also: Why then—— by being unable immediately to remedy this unfortunate and perplexing Disaster, she had present Recourse to the Collection of Beasts I have mentioned, and adopted the nearest resembling Form to that her Misfortune

fortune had bereft her of——by which Stratagem she at once secured herself in the Station she held, and supplied the Deficiency occasioned by Mortality. I would not be so unjust to their Memory as to suppose, that either my Lord, or my Lady concerned themselves enough with the Physiognomy of their Son to recollect his particular Features; for *Spadille* and *Manille*, and their Guards and Attendants, are the only Characters, Likenesses, and Forms, which figure on the retentive Faculty of a modern *modish* Brain: This Deception, therefore, might easily be carried on, without the least Suspicion, with great Emolument to the Nurse in particular, and no *distinguishable* Difference to my Lord.

Perhaps

Perhaps some among the Company may be induced to think rather favourably of this *Creature*, because they find him capable of using his Tongue, in a Manner somewhat analogous to the Gift of Speech; but, I do absolutely aver and maintain, which it is only a Jargon of unintelligible Gibberish, between Sense and Nonsense, which can neither be understood, nor applied: And, if they will recollect that there is an Order of Beings below us, who (as is reported) would *speak* were they not fearful of *working*, where is the Impropriety of determining this Creature to be of that Denomination? since his propitious Stars * have placed him in a Situation, where Labour would *appear* altogether as preposterous, as *want of Thinking* makes

* See the Proem, p. 45. l. 4.

makes him *really* impertinent, ridiculous, and absurd.

Let it not be inferred from what I have advanced, that treating thus this insignificant Whiffler is rather too severe; it seems evident to me, and I hope it will be equally so to the serious, and sensible Part of Mankind, that both Person and Argument would be undeservedly honoured by a civil and candid Reply."

" Indeed, says the Reverend Mr. *Lumberhead*, it would be offering an Affront to the Christian Religion, to suppose that either its Precepts, its Principles, or its Truths stood in need of Assistance against such stupid, such obstinate, such weak, and futile Adversaries; as are the paltry, contemptible Crew of Wretches, who
 wrangle

wrangle in the Cause of *Libertinism*: The
 Death-beds of these fool-hardy Boasters,
 (which, alas! I am too frequently called
 to attend) are a more melancholy, solemn,
 and convincing Proof of the Emptiness,
 and Fallacy of their Pretensions, than a
 thousand Volumes of the most elaborate
 Rhetoric, conceived in the most emphat-
 ical Terms. And, indeed, I cannot but
 wish that, for the Sake of the Survivors,
 their dying Acknowledgements were more
 publicly known, as they would testify to
 the Horrors of their departing Souls, on
 the Verge of tremendous Eternity. It
 may not now, perhaps, be proper to en-
 large on such a Subject; but, were I
 called on to exhibit those Convictions of
 Conscience, which it is in my Power to
 produce, I should certainly display such
 Portraits

Portraits of Death, as would make the Heart of a Christian bleed, and the Soul of an Infidel tremble!"

Reader, hast thou ever viewed with penetrating Eye—hast thou ever felt with Sympathy of Soul, the keen Sensations, which---thrilling through the Heart---manifest their Effects on the Countenance of the Unfortunate?——Hast thou seen a Lady, when her favourite Lap-dog was lost? a Lover, at the Moment of Disappointment? a Poet, the Hour his Play was refused? a Statesman, in the Day of Disgrace?——Then hast thou seen that Complication of Perplexities, which extended the Visage of the Honourable Mr. *Flimzey* to an almost incredible Length.

Now

Now—who can account for the
 jadish Tricks that *Fancy*, in Frolic, plays?
 Notwithstanding her *tendre Penchant* for
 Mr. *Flimzey*, behold---how she coquetted
 the poor Devil up, to the highest Pinnacle
 of her Temple, and then, let him down
 ---plump---into a dirty Puddle of Disap-
 pointment! by which disastrous Misfor-
 tune he was---so dashed, and so dragged---
 so daubed, and so---daunted, that every
 fluttering Feather of Arrogance was dis-
 concerted, dishevelled, and---*disgraced*?
 Mere Shame compelled him to sneak away
 from his Company---ruminating his own
 Resentment! mortified to the very Soul,
 with inexpressible Indignation, and the
 most lively Emotions of reverberating
 Confusion. Unable to bear the ironical
 Severity of Captain *Crabtree's* pointed
 Ridicule

Ridicule, and dreading still more what was coming in Course, from Mr. *Lumberhead's* prefatory threatening.

What Numbers, by sculking from the Rain of To-day, necessitate themselves to dabble through the Mire of To-morrow! But, thus it happens, and ever will, to those who, by shunning a smaller present Evil, expose themselves to a larger, more lasting one in future: And this was the Case of the unfortunate Mr. *Flimzey*, who, by taking such a precipitate Leave of his Company, entailed on himself the Dedication of a Volume compiled by the Rev. Mr. *Lumberhead*, entitled *Truths demonstrated on Death-Beds*. The Bookseller is afraid the terrible Title will intimidate the Public from purchasing the Book; but as Mr. *Lumberhead* has promised on the Word

of a Gentleman, it shall contain nothing but what is *genuine*, the Author begs Permission to recommend it to their Patronage, as it has been whispered that Mr. *Flimzey* has entered his Protest, that he will absolutely refuse to take it under his Protection.

SUBSEQUENT MATTER.

NOW my good Reader it gives me a very sincere Concern, that I find an Impossibility of conducting you fairly out of this intricate Wilderness of whimsical Contradiction: But really the Thread of Narration becomes at this Period so broken and perplexed, that I am, though with Reluctance, compelled to fling it up. But——

As I would willingly wish to oblige you as far as my Enquiries have hitherto extended, it may not be amiss to give some Account of another Kind of Oddity which came to Hand on a more diligent Search into the *Doctor's Extraordinaries*.

Among which, I discovered a very curious Collection of antique, Hieroglyphical,

cal, Typical, Prophetical *Images*, placed (as we will suppose the Box which contains them to be) in a spacious and most splendid *Salon*, elegantly adorned with the utmost Pomp and Magnificence which Art, in Concert with Elegance, could form for their Reception.

These Images seemed calculated only to represent in ridiculous Caricatura, all the known and unknown Animals—or rather—all the *Lusus Naturæ* existing or to exist in the Material World, comprehending Earth, Air, and Ocean; yet—every one seemed disguised in the Skin, the Scales, or the Feathers of another, and all (*to Appearance*) afraid, or—*ashamed* of being detected in their own.

Of what the Duce, said I to myself, can this be a Representation?—For what
added

added still more to the Mystery of Deception, was, that they seemed to bear the same distant, *ill constructed* Resemblance of the rational Features that I remember to have seen exhibited heretofore in a Pack of political Cards, which were supposed to characterize the Multitude of Monsters presiding in Mal-administration: But yet, each could re-assume—*when Occasion was urgent*, a more natural Similitude of the human Face, than the real *Externals* of any Form they (surreptitiously) affected to appear in.

——Why—in all Probability, this capricious Variety of seemingly *suspended*, or rather, undeterminate Species, was designed *emblematically* to prove the Possibility, or convince future Ages in the Certainty of

the * *Pythagorean* Metempsychosis, which is still the prevailing Opinion of the *East* †; or perhaps, some more rational System of Transmigration ‡. But this Supposition refuted itself, on a more minute and critical Examination, as it then became evident, that this *re-assuming Power* they all most assiduously seemed endeavouring to

* Generally, but rather *erroneously* so distinguished. See Gov. *Hobbes*'s judicious Dissertation on this Subject, in the second Part of his "Interesting Historical Events relative to *Bengal*, and the Empire of *Indostan*," to which I do not only barely *refer* the curious and inquisitive Reader, but really *recommend* to the Perusal of all who wish to bring themselves acquainted with the *Eastern* Mythology: Wherein they will be entertained with many Incidents so completely imagined, and so rationally connected—be surprized with many Sentiments so profoundly conceived, and so sublimely expressed, as I dare aver, in Defiance of *Cavillers*, fall very little short of INSPIRATION.

† *Lux Orientales*.

‡ *Berrow*'s Lapse of human Souls—which an *Infidel* may confess to be an ingenious Reverie, but a *Christian* must contemplate it with Pleasure!

conceal;

conceal ; arising, (as was afterwards observed by their Department) from an instinctive Consciousness that they were in Quest of *Adventures* so highly derogatory to the Dignity of Mankind, as compelled them to degenerate into the Appearance of *Beasts* before they could enter the Lists of Disgrace, and declare themselves the Champions of Infamy !

Fixed to the Case which contained these Rarities, was a Microcosm, or Clock-work Machine, of most ingenious and accurate Construction ; which, when wound up *secundum artem*, put every Figure into that Variety of fantastic Motion which might be expected from the human Species metamorphosed into Monsters ; any one, or more of which might be precipitated or obstructed, by accelerating or retarding the Velocity of its directing Wheel.

Having for a considerable Time inspected this stupendous Arrangement of Mechanism with more than common Attention, I was determined, at the Expence of detaching one of the Figures, to detect, if possible, the Secret of their Composition; as by a View of the Superficies it was impossible to comprehend the Substance, or to guess what Kind of Mixture of Matter and Spirit, or rather what Mixture of Matter *alone*, the Artist had used in their Formation.

But---unwilling to prejudice the Whole by removing any particular *one*, which might tend to introduce a *Vacuum*, or cause an Abolition in Art or Nature, I chose to exercise my Curiosity, without offending in so *essential* a Point, on a Figure resembling a *Mule*.

—Before

—Before I proceed permit me to mention an Observation which you will know is *not* mine; but as I have unluckily forgot the Words in which I read it, I quote it not *Verbatim*, but—in *Effect*. “That Man is an Animal so adapted as to comprehend in his Composition, or—to partake of in his Nature (including, I suppose, the whole Species) the several Qualities and Propensities of what we—perhaps ignorantly, and proudly presume to stile, “the *under Works of Creation*.” Tho’ much may be advanced in Favour of these, it might be inconsistent with my present Intention, to notice them otherwise than they have hitherto stood in the gradual Connexion of Beings; and, in this Point of View, it may not be absurd to suppose an *Italian Eunuch* is nearly allied, by Consanguinity, to a *Mule*.

One Example of this Relationship, respecting *Qualities* alone, will enable the Reader to draw Conclusions with regard to *Propensities*, without any further Assistance—previously taking it for granted that they are equally the Production of a *Horse* and an *Ass*; only, that in the Case of the *Eunuch*, his Parents were concealed by the human Shape—in the Case of the *Mule*, his Progenitors appeared in *puris naturalibus*.

And let this Example be drawn from, and illustrated by the * Harmonic Powers of the *Voice*.

It

* H A R M O N I C.

(Sweet, warbling Word, undone!)

I hope the *respectable* Body who have recently adopted this *flatulent* Term, at once to soften and charm to Innocence the Turpitude supposed to be formerly understood by the rough, offenceful Words *Riot* and *Reveling*—the coarse and common Epithets, *Gluttony* and *Luxury*, (one of which in Utter-
ance

It is well known that the *Mule* neither brays like the *Horse*, or toots like the *Ass*: Defective in the vigorous Lungs of the former, and elevated rather beyond the Windpipe of the latter; his Vociferation ance clings to the Teeth, and the other sticks in the Throat)—The saucy hiss ssling Phrase Excess, and—that vulgar, indecent, I had almost said *unutterable Stigma* which issues like a Whirlwind from off the Lips, and far and wide contaminates Fame with *epidemic Scandal*. . . . (See Beggar's Opera, Air, 4.)

—I hope, I say, that *respectable* Body (to whom be ascribed the Risibility due to their late ridiculous Undertaking, and Disappointment!) will not impute the Sin of Profaneness to the Author, nor take unnecessary Offence to themselves, when they find this their sacred Word prostituted to Purposes which may possibly savour of Buffoonery; and perhaps disgust the *prudish* Affectation of “Hypocrisy turned Wrongside outwards.” Let them console themselves by recollecting, that there are few Words in Language incapable of being corrupted—I mean few which have not, in their Turns, (either by the “Great Vulgar, or the Small”) been abused by Misconstruction, and tortured to Meanings they were never meant to express.

is an irregular Contraction of both—a disgusting Dissonance of the one and the other.

And such is the Fact respecting the *Eunuch*.---As the Mule makes a Clamour between Braying and Tooting, so the *Eunuch's* Abilities amount at most to a querulous Effort betwixt *Singing* and *Squalling*; owing most probably to some accidental Deficiency, which is *said* to have a peculiar Effect on the *harmonic* Powers aforesaid.

It is as unnecessary to say that this Parallel might be traced through a vast Variety of Instances as it would be tedious and superfluous to attempt it; since all may spontaneously form to themselves those Ideas which continue the Analogy. Farther---

From this Time forward let not those in common Life---the ignorant, the insolent, the inquisitive *Cavaille*, pretend to surprise

surprize themselves for Want of a *Reason*
WHY our most illustrious and glorious
Grandees—our

“ Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms,
Virtues, Powers,”

should be so facinated in Favour of these
beardless quavering *Automatons*. Let them
not, I say, surprize themselves for Want of
a *Reason*, &c. since so many may be given,
so many more may be guessed WHY they
are preferred, on a Multiplicity of Occa-
sions, especially in Cases where *Honour* is
concerned, to that sly, insinuating, *mis-*
chievous Creature MAN.

“ But---what signifies all this about
Eunuchs and *Mules*, to the Purpose of the
Figures you were talking of? I was in
Hopes you were going to treat us with
a Lecture concerning their component
Matter.”

—Now,

—Now, my good-natured Reader, you seem to have forgot my Admonition in the Beginning of this Book, where, for Reasons to which you may easily refer, I particularly recommended you to the Exercise of *Patience*, notwithstanding it is the *Virtue of an Ass*.

However---to keep you no longer in Suspence.

I had no sooner divested this Figure of its Outside, or *typical* Semblance, than it exhibited the Model of a human Form! but so extremely *minute* as to be but barely visible.

I contemplated this unexpected Appearance with proportionable Satisfaction and Surprize; and though now the Night was far advanced, I could still have pursued my Contemplation with Pleasure; but, having
already

already encroached on my favourite Rule of sleeping with the *Lamb*, that I might rise with the *Lark*, I quitted it now in full Resolution of resuming it to-morrow by the Light of the Sun.

But that ever-waking Particle of Immortality rejoices in all Opportunities of mounting Tiptoe on the utmost Limits of its Prison, the better to exercise its incomprehensible Faculties, recalled and continued to no Manner of Purpose the Business I had left unfinished the preceding Day; and I found by Experience, as many have done, that *Dreaming* is one Thing, and *Doing* is another: I arose to realize my farther Pursuit, and returned to the Examination of the transmigrated Beast, which I found had gravitated in the Course of the Night several Inches nearer than I had left it, towards
its

its original Sphere of Action ; yet, not as I had first misapprehended, from some natural, or *innate* centrepetal Force, but from a small Piece of *artificial* Magnet, fixed in * the *Os Frontis*, and communicating through the *Pia Mater* with the *Cerebellum* ; but sympathetically corresponding with, and impulsively attracted towards the most interested Figure in the Groupe, who appeared in a *Female* Habit on a Throne of *Brass*, to which the Ascent was by *unequal* Steps of *Cornelian* Stone.

* Excuse me, ye profound and venerable Sons of the immortal *Esculapius*, if, in the Course of this Description, I should encroach a little on the technical Jargon, by which your Profession artfully renders Man to himself, and you to Mankind, a reciprocal problematical Puzzle.—I promise you, upon the *Veracity* of an Author, that I dont wish to affront the *Empyrical* Faculty by—(Now, Critics! have at you) by—VULGARIZING that mysterious Cant, which chiefly contributes to, if not solely supports their Credit, and Consequence in the World.

In

In her right Hand was a Wand somewhat resembling a Sceptre, which, perpetually vibrating over their Heads, seemed to have a peculiar preternatural Effect on the Intellects of all who were drawn within the Limits of her Latitude ; which preternatural Effect was undoubtedly occasioned by its being wholly composed of the same Sort of Magnet I had observed in my *quondam Mule* ; and which, on Inspection, I found had been fixed (*unknown to themselves*) in the *Cranium* of every transmuted Individual who was disfigured in this heterogenous Assemblage of Deformities. Nay, such, and so great was the Virtue of this Wand, that the Possessor was regarded, respected, and confessed as the *efficient* Spring, and *essential* Pillar, *producing*, and *sustaining*, the *Summum Bonum* of Life !

K

While

While her Eye seemed attracted by the Motions of the Company, the fore Finger of her Left Hand continued incessantly pointing upwards to a Worm-eaten Board, *covered*, but *not* concealed, with ragged Remnants of Crimson Velvet, and Tinsell'd Tissue, on which was daubed in large *Gothic* Characters, corroded with Mildew,

The GODDESS

OF

TASTE, ELEGANCE, and PLEASURE!

From false Appearances arise false Reasonings---false Reasonings produce false Conclusions---false Conclusions pervert the Judgment, and Judgment perverted is the Parent of Error.

Hence we may see how gradual---how natural is the Descent from the dazzling Glare of dubious Light, to the intricate Perplexities of pathless Darknefs! and hence

hence too we may be cautioned never to trust to the Guidance of our Nose * when we suspect that our Neck is in Danger.

If every, one would so benefit himself by this Observation as to check the *precipitancy* of his own froward Will, he would not so frequently become the Dupe of a hood-wink'd Understanding.—I hope it will not be the less regarded from being drawn from my own Experience; for, in the Case before us, I yield to confess, with due Confusion of Face, that in the first ill-distinguishing Moments of my Heart I had *precipitately* mistaken the Fane of a Goddess, for the unhallowed Receptacle of a promiscuous Croud of Beings—*Beings* less than *Human!*

Pardon, O thou, whatsoever thou art, the Rudeness and rashness of unadvised im-

* For wherefoe'er a Person goes,
He can but follow his own Nose.

K 2

pertinent

pertinent *Curiosity*—which tempted me—I know not how, or why, to pry into thy Mysteries—to molest thy Orgies in reprehensive Purpose, with sacrilegious Eye—

Thus far extended my penitential Soliloquy, and certainly much farther it would have extended, had I not been interrupted by the sudden Appearance of a tall, tawny, terrible, gigantic Gentleman, in a black Coat and huge Wig---his Consequence was conspicuous in his Countenance!

O Heavens! thought I---the very Doctor himself!---I have brought myself into a fine Hobble here.——

I cannot indeed say, that upon this Emergency I wished myself with his Lordship of L. * but I confess I began to be rather dismayed, considering that as, like him, I had been dabbling in dubious Matters, which

* In the Tower.

I did

I did not altogether *understand*; I might, like him also, be honourably *disgraced* in *Limbo*, before I could blunder upon some sophistical Excuse to palliate my *Apparent* (though *unintended*) Contempt to the REPRESENTING Parties I had taken under my Consideration.

He look'd——

And I look'd!——

But, “How?” you will say.

——Some Things are best exemplified by their Contraries; others by parabolical Resemblance.---I'll add a Story concerning Countenances, wherein you may include as many as you please, and infer as much as you can,

It was many Years ago that a certain Member of Parliament was riding to London, and his Man *John* was trotting behind him.

They came upon *Maidenhead Thicket*.

“ John ?---I hope you loaded these Pistols well, before you put them in my Holsters.

“ Yes, an't please your Honour.”

That was right, *John*---'Tis reported many Robberies have lately been committed on this same *Maidenhead Thicket* here : But---I am determined *not* to be robbed to-day ; No, no ;---I won't be robb'd I'll assure you ; I am prepared to *defend* my Property.”

They had rode but few Paces after the *Member* had announced his valiant Resolution, ere they were met by a Fellow meanly appareled, and worse mounted, who, after traversing their Road three or four Times, gently laid hold on the Bridle

of

of *Rosinante*, and (*without any Fire Arms*) trembling bid our *Hero* "DELIVER!"

He trembled in his Turn, and reluctantly obeyed the Robbber's tremendous Mandate.

Then---on Promise of not looking *backward* till he had rode a Mile *forward*, he was permitted to proceed in Peace.

Matters thus compromised between the *Hero* and the *Highwayman*, the Journey was continued with all *possible* Expedition; Silence being observed by both Master and Man till they came within Sight of *Hounslow Heath* (another Place, celebrated for similar Exploits, but more conspicuously adorned with Gibbets).

Here it was that the redoubtable *Member*, as awaking from a *Reverie*, began to assign

the *patriotick* Reason why he failed in the Execution of his most courageous Intention.

“ John ?

“ Sir !

“ I should not have answered that Fellow’s *illegal* Demand, for I can prove *that* in *that* one Action, he has infringed twelve Statutes in *Magna Charta*---but a——only---

“ *Aye, Sir, I was going to fire at the Dog myself.*

“ And why the Devil did’n’t you, then ?

“ *Why, your Honour had said but a Minute before, that you were prepared to defend your Property !*

“ Prepared to defend it ? So I was, to be sure ! but the Rascal came upon me quite at unawares ; when I was absent from myself

self--when I was considering the Affairs of the *Nation*--when I was *ruminating* and *digesting* the very Speech, by which I intend undauntedly to insinuate, and most inflexibly *assert* a Rottenness in the Liver of the *State*. This of Course will alarm the Mobility, set the whole City in an Up-roar---and--thwart at least, if not overthrow, the *unconstitutional* Measures of *ministerial* Administration.

“ *Adzooks, Sir !---it happened unlucky indeed:---And I am afraid too, that this patriotic Emptiness in your Pocket, will make your Honour feel by Experience---you have greatly mistaken your Talent.*

“ You are rather severe, *John*, in judging your Master; but, were the Case as bad even as *you* represent it, I could boast many *illustrious* Precedents.

“ *I am*

" *I am very sorry for it, Sir.*

" *H-m. (aside)——But John?*

" *Sir!*

" *Though I happened to be thus stripped, as other Patriots have been, while they were tuning their Whistle for POPULARITY, I hope I did not behave amiss, considering how unexpectedly I was taken to.*

" *No, Sir, an't please your Honour; Nobody in the World cou'd behave better than you did---I'm sure I wonder'd at it!*

" *I'm very glad to hear that, however:---Pray John, how did I look?*

" *Look, Sir? I never saw any Body look like you in my Life—you looked with the Countenance of a Lion!*

" *'Tis a Comfort I had such a Presence of Mind: Aye John, nothing so convenient*

nient as *occasional* Impudence!—Nothing so convenient as adding a *brazen* Face to a *lead*en Scull! The Expediency of such Management is well known *in* the—House, and sometimes (you see) it helps one *out* of it too.”

After pausing some Time :

“ John ?

“ Sir !

“ Pray, were you ever at the *Tower* ?

“ *At what Tower, Sir ?*

“ Why, the *Tower* at *London* to be sure, Booby.

“ *I don't know what the Tower is, an't please your Honour: Is it like our Church Steeple ?*

“ No,

“ No, you Blockhead ; I mean the great Place there—a—not far from the *Bridge*, where all Sorts of wild Beasts are kept in Confinement during his Majesty’s Pleasure. Yes, and there are Apartments in it too for *mad Members* in *Parliament*.”——

Here again he paus’d—and sigh’d.

“ Bless me, Sir ! and is it for certain then, that any Members in *Parliament* are mad ?

“ Yes, yes, *John*, that happens sometimes—when---the *Empericks* of State, in the *Hospital* of *St. Stephen* compell them to swallow *disgustful Potions* of the deadly, political Night-Shade.

“ *Mercy upon us, and preserve us all from such a terrible Place and Bedlam ! No Sir, an’t please your Honour, I never was near the Place in my Life, and I hope I never shall !*”

Pause.——

Pause.——

“ Well, but---*John*?

“ *Sir!*

“ And so you never were at the *Tower* in your Life, ha?

“ No, never, upon my *Word*, *Sir*.

“ Did not you say just now, that when the *Highwayman* robbed me, I looked with the *Countenance* of a *Lion*?

“ And so you did *Sir*, an't please your *Honour*,---I shall remember your *Countenance* as long as I live!

“ But, pray *John*---as you have never been at the *Tower*, where did you see the *Lion* I looked like? for though *Monkeys* and *Bears* are very plentifully imported from the *Coasts* of *France* and *Holland*, a *Lion* you

you should know is a ROYAL Beast, and seldom to be seen.

" I must beg your Honour's Pardon for that Sir, Monkeys and Bears I scarce see in a Twelvemonth, but Lions almost every Day.

" How? where? when?

" Lord Sir---they are always grazing in my Lord Grinbush's Park; I am amazed you should ask such a Question!

" In Lord Grinbush's Park? why---you double Dunce! they are only a Parcel of Asses.

" Why then---an't please your Honour---to make short of the Matter---you looked---

" How? you Dog!

" You looked like one of them Sir!"

---Here unfortunately the Relation breaks off; and I cannot find, either from Tradition

tion or Record, whether the *Member* was wiser, or his *Man* the worse, when both had rectified the ridiculous Mistake in which they had detected each other.

Now in the Course of the Story, he it remembered and observed that there were only *three* People concerned; and yet all these three People, from a Variety of Causes appeared to be equally in the Wrong.

In Compassion to the *Highwayman*, let us humanely suppose, that Necessity was his main Spring of Action.

In Compliance to the *Member*, we may politely admit, that he was surprized into a cowardly *Compliance*.

In Candour to *John*, we are willing to believe that his Error was the Effect of his Ignorance. But——

Should it be asserted in the Spirit of Opposition (for the Spirit of Opposition in these topsy-turvy Times is the fashionable Spirit among ——)

Should it, I say, be asserted in Contradiction to the Case, *because* it is thus charitably stated---That

The *Highwayman* acted from bad Principle and Intention :

The *Member* from constitutional Pusillanimity :

And *John*, from wicked-witted, *premeditated* Purpose——

Why---this would create an Argument.

The Argument would create a Litigation ;

The Litigation would be referred to Council ;

The

The Opinion of Counsel would be
contrary ;

The Contradiction would bring on a
Process in Law ;

The Process in Law, a Trial ;

The Council on both Sides would puzzle
the Cause ;

(The *Highwayman*, observe, would be
quite *out* of the Question, for)

The Parties and Jury would *look* like
the *Member*, and——

The Judge would DECIDE like his Man
John !

As to the *Tale*, howsoever 'tis taken,
it will not be void of a Moral ; but the In-
ference I have at present deduced from the
Premises being equally applicable to the

INS, and the OURS, they may retort it discretionally as often as they please from one Side to the other.

So much, and enough on the Topic of *Countenances*, which, I presume, has cleared the Countenance of the Reader, and diverted him from recurring to the old battered Question of “What is all this to the Purpose?”

To prove then that I have not lost Sight of my Subject, I shall put that Interrogation home to myself, in order to convince him that I am capable of returning, (*without his reprehensive Enquiries*) as well to the Question as the Purpose.

Well, and so—as I was saying we looked at each other, till in short *he* looked *me* into that foolish Confusion which is always the
Concomitant

Concomitant of skulking Guilt; and fixes in our Faces those infallible Indications of it we so ardently wish, so weakly attempt; and so vainly *intend* to conceal !

Now most certainly this Gentleman, who, (for so it fell out) knew nothing at all of the Matter, was as totally unconscious of my Suspicions, as I could be of his Errand; for indeed he proved to be a Reverend Doctor in *Divinity* at a distant Corner of the County, who had been recently delegated to the Dignity of the *Peace*, for the more *orderly* Distribution of *Justice*; and what, in my Surprise, I had mistaken for nothing *less* than the boding Obscurity of tremendous Tempest, was nothing *more* than the formidable Gloom of magisterial Superiority consequent on such honour-

able Occasions. It was *this* that so eminently frowned on his Brow, and added Austerity to his Aspect.

In Proportion as the Terror of my Apprehensions decreased, the Serenity of my Spirits returned;—more especially as I gathered from some cursory Conversation, that his Visit might be to my pecuniary Advantage; and so indeed it proved: For this Addition of *Justice* to his *Doctoral* Vacation, suggested to him the Expediency of encreasing his Library with the *Lumber* of *Jurisprudence*; he therefore *treated* it with the last Edition of that voluminous * *Alcoran*, wherein is contained the infallible contradictory *Jumble* of true *Constitutional* BRITISH *Justice*; comprising an Epitomé of the compound and incorporated Essence

* Burn's Justice.

of *all* the Brains of *all* the wisest Men of *all* Generations, from the illustrious Time of *Edmund Ironside*, to the most *in*-glorious, and unparalleled PRESENT—blushing with Shame at the rising Infamy of its own increasing Crimes!——

To the most *inglorious*, and unparalleled PRESENT! wherein *Magistracy*, insulting MAJESTY, holds in Contempt the Royal Prerogative---sets at nought the Legislature—vindicates the factious Audacity of the *Press* in its execrable Incitements to Anarchy and Confusion!——

To the most *inglorious* and unparalleled PRESENT!—which *passeth away* NOT like a Shadow---a Shower---a Bloom---a Blast---a Dew---a Dream, or---a Meteor; but—it *passeth away* like the uncontrollable

Madness of raging Waters, urged, and
and impelled by impetuous Whirlwinds---
breaking all Bounds, and blundering on
in Dissention, Confusion, and Clamour---

Even so, it passeth away and cometh
not again:—

May its Enormities perish with it!

After having paid for the *Alcoran*, and
a Ream of Paper, the Reverend Gentleman
had now Time to spare on the Pleasure of
displaying his literary Talents, and made
several Observations on classical Learning,
which it is not the *Duty of Women* to under-
stand. Finally, he condescended to tell
me in plain English, that he was a Histo-
rian, an Antiquarian, a Mathematician,
a Poet, and the L——d knows what
besides!

stimulated

Stimulated with Pride by my new Acquisition, and in the Deficiency of Capacity to comprehend it, I presumed it might insinuate some Addition to my *Consequence* by favouring him with the Sight of this complicated Machine: Undoubting that this Reverend and Venerable *Mystagogue*, who was already commissioned to unriddle *Religion* and *Justice*, (the two Knavish Enigmas which ever have been, and will ever continue to plague and perplex all the Fools among Mankind) must assuredly be endued with sufficient Sagacity to discover and explain these occult Involution which had so baffled, and pestered, and puzzled my Brains.

Those who would wish to have their Affairs managed well, ought always to chuse People *properly* qualified for the due Execution of the Business they are charged to en-

gage in : But the worst of it is, that most of us are so unconscious of, or rather so partial to our own Inabilities, as fondly to fancy the Extent of our Capacities equal to every undertaking : And this short-sighted, ill-judging Vanity exposes its Possessors---sometimes to very serious and calamitous Mortifications, but more frequently to very whimsical and ridiculous ones.

Humbled by Disappointment, I dare venture to confess that, just at the Entrance of this *Adept* into my House, I was equi-poised between the two last Situations, and might still have continued suspended at See-saw, had not the first been finally fixed on me by the unlucky Result of too large a Multiplicity of Experiments——But what Numbers run headlong on hazardous Uncertainties, without considering what Con-

sequences

sequences may occur from unforeseen Misfortunes.

This recalls to my Memory a real Adventure which was related to me by a Person who saw it.

There lived in Fisher-Row, near the Market Place, in *Reading* (and still survives in the Memory of many) a *Grocer*, of the People called *Quakers*, whose Name was *Daniel Soundy*.

As his Dealings were larger than his Conveniencies for Trade, it being a contracted Part of the Town, he often took it in his Head to intrude on the Narrowness of the Way, with accumulated Hogheads, and Butter Tubs.

It happened one Evening, both dirty and
dark,

dark *, that a drunken Bargeman, blundering along, ran foul against the Tub aforesaid, and his Coat chancing to hitch in a Hoop of the lowest, the whole Fabric descended on his Head.

Fired with Resentment at such a saucy Salutation, (and expert in the Science of *Boxing*) he retorted back the Injury with heroic Contempt, and broke the Tub's Head that had insulted him.

Every body knows, either from Precept or Experience, that there are many People in the World "as hollow as a

* * For the Streets in *Reading* are notoriously remarkable for almost *Egyptian* Darknesh !—

I hope this Neglect of lighting these Streets is rather owing to the *Prudence* of *Parimony* than to the *Indolence* of *Stupidity* ; yet, better that it spring from either of these, than a still more discrediting Motive in its *Mugistrates*, who, perhaps would be sorry it should be publicly insinuated, that "they love *Darknesh* better than *Light*," BECAUSE * * * but,—let THEM seek for the Inference.

Tub,

"Tub," and who are heartily detested for this wooden Resemblance of their cloven-footed, insidious Dictator.

But the Tubs abovementioned had no Title to this Disgrace; they came to their Master replenished with Increase—he stript them of all they had *valuable* about them, and then—in the true Spirit of *modern* Gratitude, turned them fairly out of Doors to seek their farther Fortune.

And, in this deplorable and destitute Situation, they were exposed to suffer all the Evils which might befall them from without, and among the rest, to this disastrous Encounter, which had like to have been the Cause of their final Dissolution.——

Observation by the Way:

That there are many in high Life, who will lay their Inferiors under a *Tax*, not a
Duty,

Duty, to their *Benevolence*, merely for the Sake of taking future Opportunities, in *private* to domineer over, and insult them; and the Pleasure accruing to their Arrogance on such Occasions is generally far superior in *Weight*, to the trifling Sums they advance for it: And yet, these will in *public* not only promote the Interest of such as by *Purchase* (for their Donations extend not to *Generosity*) they compell to Dependence, but will even exert their Influence likewise to defend them against the Malice of others.

By this hypocritical Chicanery, on the *basest* of Principles, they impose a false Character of themselves upon the World, and are mistaken, as they wish to be, for mighty *charitable*, *good* Sort of People by the superficially-judging *Majority*, who only see their *public* Pretensions, and are Strangers to their *private* Behaviour.

Now

Now so far as concerns the Affair of the Tubs, we may place Friend *Daniel* among this Order of Beings: For—

No sooner was he alarmed by the Lamentation of the Tubs, than “the *Spirit* moved him” in their Favour.

“ Verily, my Friend *Bargeman*, thou doest not well, to abuse my *Tubs* in this Manner.

“ *I abuse your Tubs? Pox rot 'em!—*
they fell upon my *Head*, did n't they?

“ Nay, my Friend, my *Tubs* are as quiet as any *Tubs* in the Town—I am sure if thou hadst not fell upon *them*, they would not have fall'n upon thee.

“ *D—n you and your Tubs together!*
“ *Let every Tub stand on its own Bottom:—*
I hate to see so many piled one o' top of to'ther!”
—Indeed

—Indeed 'tis attended with Danger—
as by *Experience* I am going to prove.

The Gentleman drew from his right Hand Coat Pocket a Concavo-Convex Glass, through which he examined, and re-examined, and cross-examined each particular figure—then the Construction of the Machine—then the complexed Variety of Springs correlative to its manifold Motions.

After a proper Time spent in deliberating on the Evidence, he ventured to draw the Sceptre of Magnet from the Hand of the principal Figure, when—Confusion, and Amazement!——

——Hear, and *consider* it, ye *Belles*,
and *Beaux*, who worship the GODDESS of
TASTE, ELEGANCE, and PLEASURE——

Hear, and *consider* it——

Behold——

Behold—the innumerable, metamorphosed Concourse of the Woods and Wilds from every Quarter of the Globe, were immediately *compelled* into their pristine Shape, and the Goddesses *sunk* immediately down into the *Reality* of a *hooded Serpent*, “all horrid to behold!”

Astonishing! said I; is it possible then that any Generation, either past, or to come, have been, or will be so contemptibly degenerate as thus shamefully to depreciate the Dignity of Rationality, by the abject Assumption of a brutal Form? No, these Figures were invented as a Lie upon Mankind, and meant to calumniate our Nature.

“This Inference of your’s, replies my Reverend and Worshipful Instructor, is drawn from the Rectitude of *Reason*; but this Rectitude is banished from among the *Votaries* of *Taste*, *Elegance*, and *Pleasure*,
and

and consigned to ridicule among other their
supposed Non-entities of primitive Super-
 stition.

And therefore I am entirely of a different Opinion in regard to the Invention and Meaning of these Types under our present Inspection: For, from the Days of *Adam* to the last Generation, I do not recollect a Passage in History which can lend us Intelligence of their Signification; and I cannot be so uncandid, so *uncharitable* to Posterity, as to incumber the Generations yet unborn with such a superlative Instance of---FOLLY---For, let me call it *thus*, and suppress its *harsher* Name.

Now, if History is deficient in providing us with a Precedent, and Posterity (as we hope) will be incapable of producing one, where then must we search for a certain Explanation,

planation, but among the *polite* Eccentricities of the present Time? And here, I think we may venture to fix it with the greatest Degree of Probability; as the fantastic Extravagance distinguishable in each Dress, the Vacancy visible in each unimportant Face, and the culpable Absurdities implied in that Behaviour, from which we may be said to have detached them, plainly indicate, if not absolutely prove, that they were designed as Representative of that egregious Depravity of Morals and Manners, by which our *Superiors*, in degenerate Pride, defy the Shafts of public Ridicule, and the Odium inseparable from universal Contempt.

Therefore as Habits, Features, and Behaviour coincide so uniformly with Time present, what Occasion for running vainly

M

backward

backward among the Intricacies of History (which after all, is quite silent about the Matter) or plunging blindly forward into the Uncertainties of Futurity in Quest of what is immediately before us?

In which, you see, we have already succeeded so far as to recover them to the Shape, they were born in; but still we must observe they appear as it were *enamoured* of their *Circé*, and incapable of distinguishing her odious Deformity; owing, as it seems, evident, to the peculiar attracting Property of that artificial Magnet so subtly fixed in the *Sensorium* of each Individual. Let us, in the next Place, proceed to remove these Magnets from their *Pericraniums*, and observe what Effects may arise from the Experiment on the Muscles of their Faces.

He then attempted the arduous Task—an arduous Task it was! for the Magnet was
 4 fastened

fastened in such a masterly Manner, exactly in the *Centre* of their *Infirmity*, that the *Extraction* was attended with

“ —Ghastly Spasm, or racking Torture,
Qualms, of Brainfick Agony, * * * &c.

* * * * *

Demoniac Phrenzy, moping Melancholy,
And Moonstruck Madness, * * &c.

* * * * *

dire was the Tossing, deep the Groans,” &c.

Insomuch that, as total Fatality seemed inevitable, he judiciously waved this Part of his Purpose.

But, I would only be understood to mean in the Quotation above, that this Essay, towards the intended *Extraction*, caused these Distortions of Countenance, which may be supposed to arise from such Feel-

ings——(and for which I would appeal to those who 'tis *more* than supposed have recently experienced them) *not* that the identical Figures themselves were capable of *imbibing*, but only of *reflecting* the Effects of human Sensations.——I know not now whether, by thus expressing myself, I am out of the Danger of Misconstruction, let me therefore add in other Words, that I introduce these Figures only as AUTOMATONS, *so* contrived, and *so* combined, as, by particular Impressions on particular Parts, to be rendered expressive of particular Indications.

To bring this home, Reader, still nearer to your Comprehension——

Suppose it should happen that at any Time in future, some unnatural Excrescence should be grafted in your Head---
admit

admit it of *Horn* for Example ; if it should unluckily adhere to the *Pia Mater* and *Cerebellum*, as the Magnet is said to do---for, Excrescencies (and especially of the *Horny Kind*) are generally known to root themselves there, if they are not there engendered.

Suppose, I say, in future that such should be the Case, it would cost you as many wry Faces while extracting, as *Milton* has described, and the Figures exhibited, while divesting of their magnetical Fascination.

As the Weight which continued the Machinery in Motion descended towards the Centre of Gravitation, the Figures in Consequence moved proportionably slow, till they returned to their *natural Inactivity*.

We had observed, during the Course of the last Declination, that there were other
distinct

distinct Wheels, Weights, and Pullies, which remained at rest during the last Experiment : Instead therefore of recurring to the former Convolution, we drew up those not yet essayed, to mark and ascertain the Difference which might happen from this essentially different Process, and the Effects confirmed our Expectation.

Several Figures were now drawn forward which had not appeared in View ; representing, as we had room to suppose, a Detachment of Constables and their Officers---a powerful Rabble of Important, Authorative, Peace-keeping Gentlemen, who glory in monopolizing entirely to themselves the Privilege of making a Noise !

At Sight hereof the *Serpent* appeared as in violent Confusion and Agitation ; attempting

ing to defend herself by various Shifts, but at length turned a Fugitive to her Fears; notwithstanding all which, she was seized upon at last, and secured with the poor *Mule* (whom we had replaced in his Station) and who, when the Goddeſs had loſt her Sceptre, appeared in the Form of a *Walking Bagpipe*, inceſſantly ſounding *Crotchets*, *Minims*, *Semibreves*, and *Quavers*, in the Ears of the ſtupified Audience.

But, the unexpected Interpoſition of theſe *Fag Ends* of *Juſtice*, ſeemed ſuddenly to inſpire them with a determined Reſolution to join in Support of the *Idol* they had raiſed; and therefore, arraying themſelves in the Armour of Insolence, looked fierce Deſiance againſt her Foes.

When by a Complication of Incidents ariſing from each other, this presumptive
Armour

Armour was pelted to Pieces by the missile Artillery of *Justice*; again they assumed the formidable Frown, and presented against their Adversaries with *Wind-Guns*, charged from that redundant Source proceeding from the *Walking Bagpipe*.

“ What further might, or would have resulted from this whimsical Parade of ostentatious Cowardice, unfortunately it is impossible to determine; for my Worshipful Friend, misplacing one of the Wheels, it produced a retrograde contradictory Motion, and reaching after a *Pen*, (which he thought a fit Instrument for the Purpose of its Rectification.)——Alas!——

He unwittingly beat down the three ponderous Volumes of *Burn's Justice*——(O— how *oppressive* are the Laws when *improperly* put in Execution! ———

O,

O, *legal* Ruination---execrated, and abhorred ! whose baleful Consequences I have heretofore been bound to curse, and still, in Anguish, mourn !——Shield me henceforward, ye propitious Powers, from the inhuman Fangs of infernal Villains, who taking Refuge like Vipers, among the *Holes* in the Law, diffuse their Venom on the Unwary, and Unsuspecting :)

He unwittingly beat down the three ponderous Volumes of *Burn's Justice* on this inestimable Machine---and---crushed the whole Construction to Atoms !

Irretrievable, fatal Misfortune ! why did not these Volumes stand regularly as they ought ? why were they “ *piled one o' top of t'other ?* ”

I shook my Head---I sighed in Silence!---
 “ *Il y a de l'éloquence à se taire, quand le*
 M *malheur*

malheur ne peut être exprimé! My Tears, alas! alone were left, to testify the Sincerity of my Concern.

I would recommend it to your Prudence, says my Worshipful Friend, (with a most Provoking philosophical Apathy) not thus to afflict yourself at an Accident unforeseen, and that may be so easily repaired.

Indeed, continued he, had this happened thus, in the Days of our Fathers, or in those which are destined to their Sons, it might be treated as an incomprehensible Problem, by former and future Ontologists; for, to the one, its Purpose would have been obscured in the Darkness to come, and to the other, quite buried in former Oblivion. But now---see how all Things conspire for the best! your fancied Loss is Fi-

figure and Shadow; the real Substance *now* remains.

O Heavens! cried I, with rising Joy---
tell me but where?---from "Indus to the
Pole" I'd fly to find it!

You would take a long Journey, replied
he, to no Manner of Purpose, for I as-
sure you it is much nearer home. Believe
me---I dare assert and maintain, that this
whole Apparatus is nothing more than
a ludicrous, ironical Invention; and meant
only to display a recent Instance of extrava-
gant, preposterous Mummery, lately tran-
sacted---*no Matter by whom*---in public
Breach of Legislative Power.

Who then shall dare censure the Justice
of Peace for ENFORCING the Laws upon
them?

I was

I was proceeding to explain the Whole of this Allegory, but a Critic persuaded me to desist.

“ It will be passing an *Affront*, says he, instead of a *Compliment* on the *Capacities* of *some* of your Readers; and as for those among them who cannot find it out---why---they will either in their great Wisdom declare you a Fool, or recommend your Work for the great and *fashionable* Merit of being totally unintelligible.”

I shall therefore submit these Pages, “ with all their Imperfections on their Heads,” to the impartial Justice and Generosity of the judicious Public, and—

The CANDOUR of the *Magazines* and *Reviewers*.



